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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THE NEW BLADE Sewing Machine

See Fifth Page.

VOLUME LIX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1891. NUMBER 51

Poetry.

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

O the waiting in the watches of the night!
In the darkness, desolation, and contrition,
and affright;
The awful hush that holds us shut away from
all delight!
The ever-weary fancy that forever weary
goes
Recounting ever over every aching loss it
knows—
The ever-weary eye-lids gasping ever for
re-oce—ss
In the dreary, weary watches of the
night.

Dark—stifling dark—the watches of the night!
With tingling nerves at tension, how the
blackness flashes white
With spectral visitations smitten past the in-
ner sight!
What maddening sense of wrongs we've
wrought that may not be redressed—
Of tears we did not brush away—of lips we
left unpressed,
And hands that we let fall, with all their
loving unguessed!
Ah! the empty, empty watches of the
night.

What solace in the watches of the night?—
What featest staff of hope to stay—what
faintest shaft of light?
Do we dream and dare believe it, that by
never weight of right
Of our own poor weak deservings, we shall
win the dawn at last—
Our famished souls find freedom from this
penance for the past,
In a faith that leaps and lightens from the
gloom that flees aghast—
Shall we survive the watches of the
night?

One leads us through the watches of the
night—
By the ceaseless intercession of our loved
ones lost to sight,
He is with us through all trials, in His mercy
and His might;—
With our brothers there about Him, all our
sorrow disappears,
Till the silence of our sobbing is the prayer
the Master hears,
And His hand is laid upon us with the ten-
derness of tears
In the waning of the watches of the
night.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in the Independent.

TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

Sweet—Hang it all! I quite forget
Your name, although I used to know it
When we were in the Clapham set,
And I was "eloped "the local poet."

Were you Louise? Were you Jane,
Elizabeth, or Kate, or Nancy?
It matters not, although it's plain
You greatly pleased my boyish fancy.

And, once admitting things were so,
It follows that I loved you dearly.
Were you the sixth or seventh, though?
I don't remember very clearly.

You had, it seems, an open brow,
By fringe apparently unshaded;
There may be doubts about it now,
For this infernal photo's faded.

Those eyes that look so brave and true
Can idealize still the old emotion,
But whether they were black or blue
I've not the shadow of a notion.

I can't recall that graceful head,
And whether it was crowned with yellow,
Or rippling brown, or Titian red—
I'd better find some other fellow.

It's my impression you were tall,
I have no certain recollection;
Your figure I've forgotten—still,
In fact, except our great affection.

Was I too shy? Were you too loath?
At any rate, the thing miscarried,
For I can't take my Bible oath
That you and I were never married.

—[St. James Gazette.

A SLEIGH RIDE.

She looked so sweet among her furs
I longed to press her to my heart;
But with one hand to rightly drive,
Alas! I did not have the art.

I tried, and tried, and tried again,
But when my arm stole round her waist
The skittish colt would leap aside
And make me draw it back in haste.

She chatted gayly all the while
And did not seem to see me strive,
Until at last she pouting said—
"Give me the lines, and I will drive."

—[N. Y. Herald.

Miscellany.

Marshall Wilder's Jests.

Some Good Boston Stories—The Parrott and the Show—The Business-Like Banker—A Dense Englishman and the Joke.

[Copyright 1891.]

I've been sojourning in Boston for about a week, and I enjoyed myself so much that I wanted to buy the town. Boston people aren't a bit like the stories that are told about them; they're always looking for chances to spend money instead of saving it; they don't offer a guest baked beans, nor ask him to climb Bunker Hill monument with them, and on Sunday they stay home from church as easily as if they had been born and brought up in New York, as a good many of them were.

As for Boston girls and women, they can't be beat, in which respect they are very much like their sex all over our glorious country. From what I had read in some of the funny papers I supposed that all of the Boston girls wore glasses, carried big books under their arms, and wore blue stockings, with all that the word implies, but you may see more eyeglasses in the neighborhood of a female seminary in New York than in a dozen candy shops full of Boston girls. Most of the books they carry are paper covered novels, and I didn't see a single blue stocking on a Boston clothesline, though I was in the city on washday.

Boston people are different from all other Americans in one respect; they are so satisfied with their city that they never want to leave home. They tell over there of a hoary-headed sinner—for there are such beings even in Boston, who expressed a sincere desire to turn from the error of his ways, but didn't do any turning. A good old minister, who had much experience in such cases, studied the sinner for awhile and then went to him and said:

"My friend, I hear that you wish to lead a new life, but don't seem to begin. What's the trouble?"

"Oh, Dominie," was the reply, "there's something awful on my mind."

"My poor brother. It's your fear of the bottomless pit, I suppose?"

"Not a bit of it. I was brought up a Universalist."

"Indeed! Then what is the cause of your trouble? Remorse over some great sin of your early life, I suppose."

"'Tisn't that, either; I never injured anybody but myself. The fact is, Dominie, if I reform I'll have to go to heaven when I die, but if I stick to my old ways and die, I can stay on Boston soil to the end of eternity, and that's just what I want to do."

On the way home I fell in with a dismal-faced fellow who wanted to talk to somebody, so pretty soon I was absorbing all his family history. He had allowed himself to become administrator of a large estate, and tried to do his duty to the satisfaction of all of the heirs and creditors, but as sure as he succeeded in pleasing any one of them, all the others got up and kicked. I tried to comfort him by telling him things went the same with men in every other business, and to illustrate the point I told him a little story. "Once there was a man who had a dog, Doggie had fleas. 'Try kerosene,' said a friend; so the man smeared doggie's hide with kerosene oil and went about his business. Meanwhile the dog patronized the fire, not wisely but too well, and dog and kerosene went up the chimney. When the man got home he found seventeen fleas on the doorstep, all looking up at him expectantly, as if to say: 'Well, boss, when are you going to get us another dog?'"

Among the best fellows whom I swap stories with are the officers of our army and navy. They are a splendid set of fellows who never talk about themselves, and always speak well of other people, and they move from place to place so much that they hear all the good stories that are going. One of them gave me a yarn which I wish could be worked into the heads of some of the people who sometimes sit near me in the theatre, and spoil the show by telling each other, loud enough for everybody to hear, that they wonder what is coming next. The story was that two Yankee sailors strolled into a show in Gautemala where a prestidigitateur was entertaining the audience. A parrot perched on the back of the bench where they sat. After every surprising feat one sailor would turn to the other with the remark:

"That was pretty good. I wonder what will come next?"

This was repeated until it made the parrot tired. Presently one of the sailors threw down a burning match with which he had lighted his pipe; it fell though a crack in the floor, and into a powder magazine. Biff! went the whole building, people and all, and nothing was left but a hole in the ground and the parrot, who was uninjured, though badly shaken up. The bird pulled itself together, straightened out its feathers, flapped its way to a heap of ruins, and croaked:

"That was pretty good; I wonder what will come next?"

When I got back from Boston I went to see one of my bankers. Some men can get along with a single banker, but the less money a man has the more people he is likely to worry with it. I found the good man suffering with a slight cold, and he was so depressed by it that he said he feared he had not long to live.

"I'shaw!" said I. "Brace up, old man! Why, you're only 60 years old, and I'll bet you'll live to be a hundred."

"Ah, no," he sighed; "you don't take a business view of such things. Do you suppose the Lord is going to wait and take me at a hundred when He knows He can get me now at sixty?"

One of the greatest comforts in telling stories is in the different ways in which some people take them. One evening, at a London party where I had been reciting, Oscar Wilde chanced to stand alone, and I went over to speak to him. Oscar is about the tallest thing in all England, next to the top of St. Paul's cathedral, and I am so short that I can scarcely reach the lowest button of his swallow-tail coat—he wears one now.

"Say;" drawled a British wit who stood in a group near us, "What's the difference between Oscar and the little fellow who has been entertaining us this evening?"

Everybody gave it up.

"Why," said the wit, "one is Wilde, and the other is just a little Wilder."

When the laugh ended a grave old chap grunted

"Umph," I should say the difference was about four feet."

It takes the children, though, to get unexpected points out of stories. A religious mother was telling her only son the story of Daniel, and how that good young man was thrown into a den full of lions, yet came out in the morning entirely unhurt, although the lions ate a lot of bad men who were thrown in immediately afterward.

"Now, my dear," said the mother in conclusion, as she put on her most earnest face, "I'll tell you why the lions didn't eat Daniel."

"I know already," said the young hopeful.

"Precious boy," murmured the mother. "Why was it?"

"'Twas because Daniel would have made only a mouthful apiece for such a crowd, but when a lot of fellers was chucked in they get their hungry on." Merrily yours,

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The hard rubs of the world are what make a man bright.—[Atchison Globe.

The society man has his set-to.—[Binghamton Leader.

There's no disgrace in being poor. The thing is to keep quiet and not let your neighbors know anything about it.—[Texas Siftings.

Teacher—"Jimmy, in the sentence, The fire is low make it burn,' what punctuation mark is needed?" Practical Pupil—"Colon."—[Baltimore American.

"Did you hear what the gentlemen said, Parker, when you told them I was engaged?" "One of them said he sorry for you fiancee."—[St. Joseph News.

"Do you believe in love in a cottage?" he asked, fondly. "I am willing to," she replied in a business tone, "without putting the experiment to a test."—[Harper's Bazar.

When the short young man wants to kiss the tall young woman she may not have to stoop to conquer; but if she likes him she is apt to stoop to concur.—[Somerville Journal.

With apples a cent a pound and flour three-times as high it will always remain a mystery why a railroad eating-house pie is so much crust and so little viscera.—[Bradford Era.

"Did your boss pass around the turkeys?" asked the workingman. "Ours did." "Yaas, he did," admitted the down-trodden wage-earner, "but they wasn't cooked."—[Indianapolis Journal.

A Brush of Eloquence.

"WHAT IS INSIDE, MOTHER?"

"WIND, MY SON, WIND."

—[Strand Magazine.

Sober and Sorry for It.

Johnson—"Hullo, Thompson, I hear you're taking Keeley's bichloride of gold. Are you cured?"

Thompson—"Perfectly. I wouldn't take a drink for $5; hate the taste of the stuff now."

Johnson—"Well, do you think it will be permanent?"

Thompson (thoughtfully)—"I'm afraid so."—[New York Sun.

He Was Right.

Examiner—I am surprised that you all made mistakes in answering the question, "Where was the Magna Charta signed?" Think it over—can any one tell me?

Little boy (at bottom of class)—I can sir.

Examiner—Well?

Little boy—At the bottom of the page.

The Shortest Love Letters.

Rosecleaf.

The shortest love letters on record are said to be the following:

Dear Clara:

I will. Tom.

Dear Tom:

Clara.

Innocent Interrogations.

Guide (pointing to mummy)—This was Rene, the priest, the wisest man of his time. He lived to a great age.

Tourist—Was his last illness fatal?

"Yes, very fatal."

"What a wonderful thing that we see him now permanently cured!"—[Pharmaceutica. Era.

Through a Stained Window.

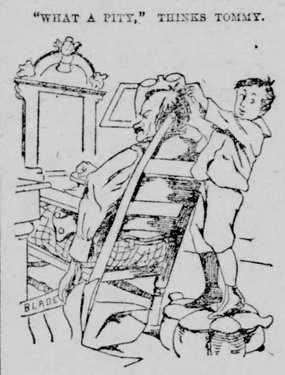
She felt in her heart
That she looked quite tart,
As she sat in the family pew;
But a sunbeam gay
Shone down her way,
And turned her hair light blue.

—[N. Y. Herald.

DR. KEELEY'S RIVAL.

Good Little Tommy's Method of Curing his Father of Tippling.

"WHAT A PITY," THINKS TOMMY.



"I HAVE AN IDEA."

"MY NICE BOX OF PAINTS."

"WAUGH! I'VE GOT 'EM."

SUCCESS.

[New York Herald.

Oil on the Troubled Waters.

The hands of the clock were marking the hour of 12 midnight. She had been waiting for two hours for him; her anger, from a gentle simmering, gradually increasing in temperature until the boiling point was reached. She was ready for him. As he entered the room with a half idiotic, half good-natured smile on his face, she opened her mouth to pour out the accumulated and thoroughly heated contents of the reservoir of wrath, but before she could get out a drop, he said:

"See 'ere, lovey, d'ye think marriage's lottery?

She was so taken aback that she could only murmur inarticulately that she didn't know.

"It ain't," he said. "How c'n marriage be a lottery when a f'lor has only to look 'round him to pick out the first prize, same's I did? So lottery 'bout that."

She brought him his slippers, and five minutes later she was opening a box of sardines for him with his best razor.—[New York Press.

Origin of Diamonds.

Diamonds may have come to the earth in meteorites. One which fell in Russia in 1886 contained carbon in a crystallized form of the diamond, which suggests to Prof. Huntington, of Cambride, an explanation of the origin of diamonds, which has never been satisfactorily explained. Probably no recent scientific discovery will prove so generally acceptable to women in every clime and station as this, that diamonds come from heaven.

Old Enough for Glasses.

Mr. Emerson (of Boston)—How rapidly Clytemnestra grows!

Mrs. Emerson—Yes. The dear child will be four years old next week—quite old enough to put into eye-glasses. Will you select them for her, or shall I?—[Harper's Bazar.

It Was Needed.

Jake—"The boil on the back of my neck is getting awful painful."

Cora—"You ought to be proud of that."

Jake—"Why so?"

"It may supply a need—come to a head.—[New York Herald.

Something Like Leather.

A German substitute for leather in some of its uses consists of thin boards with wire netting between, the whole glued together and pressed. The material is tough and pliable and suited for trunks, etc.

Level Head.

Citizen—"Why did you instruct the jury to let that prize-fighter off with a nominal fine? Why, he killed his opponent in that fight."

Judge—"Well, I considered the public owed that man a great deal. You see, there is one prize-fighter less."—[Life.

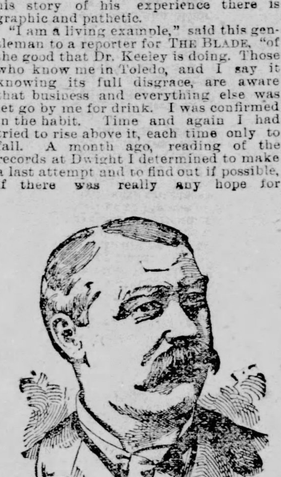
WAS CURED AT DWIGHT

EXPERIENCES OF A TOLEDO MAN

At the Famous Keeley Institute, and His Cure of the Drink Habit—Something About the Work Done There.

One man in Toledo, who is known by nearly everybody in this city, wears upon his breast a blue and gold button. It is the insignia of the Bichloride of Gold club and shows that he has been treated at Dr. Keeley's institute at Dwight. He is so far the only man in Toledo who has been at this now famous institution, and his story of his experience there is graphic and pathetic.

"I am a living example," said this gentleman to a reporter for THE BLADE, "of the good that Dr. Keeley is doing. Those who know me in Toledo, and I say it knowing its full disgrace, are aware that business and everything else was let go by me for drink. I was confirmed in the habit. Time and again I had tried to rise above it, each time only to fail. A month ago, reading of the records at Dwight I determined to make a last attempt and to find out if possible, if there was really any hope for



DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY.

me or not. I went to Dwight and remained there three weeks, the time which Dr. Keeley asks patients to remain. I am back here at home again and I believe I am cured. I not only believe it, but I know it. It has been years since I felt that I was a real man and to-day I can say it."

The tears came into his eyes as he spoke.

"If I can be of any assistance to the hundreds of men whom I know in Toledo who are just where I was, I want to do it. If I can tell this story of the good the bi-chloride of gold will do, it will be to lead others to go and try what I know is efficacious. I arrived at Dwight without any particular faith in the remedy. I took liquor constantly then. This is allowed. A man can have all the whisky he wants just so long as he will take it. But, by and by, he finds himself as I did, repulsed by it, and has no desire for whisky. Hundreds of patients were there during the three weeks time I spent in Dwight. There are now over 2,000 members of the Bichloride of Gold club, each of the members being a graduate of the institution. The headquarters are in Dwight with branches in every city where there are five graduates of the institution. The men at Dwight are mostly from the higher walks of life, professional men, physicians, traveling men, judges and lawyers. They had become practically ruined through whisky, morphine or opium, and of the graduates I feel that nearly all went away with reinforced will power."

He produced a number of note books filled with the autographs of about 600 different persons who had been taking the Keeley cure. The names included many who have been permanently before the public for many years, and each was marked with a "w" or an "m" to show whether it was whisky or morphine from which the patient was suffering. "When I arrived at Dwight I was astonished at the crowd. The sight of 500 men, representing all phases of society and all vocations in life, massed in a jolly, laughing crowd, is encouraging to the newly-arrived patient, and, whatever degree of intemperance he may exhibit, he is always sure of kindly greetings. His baggage is taken care of, he is relieved of his parcels, and is marched off straightway to the office of the Keeley Institute just

IN LINE FOR THE SHOT.

across the street. If his steps are uncertain, there is plenty of assistance at hand. If he cannot stand up, he is carried on a stretcher. At any rate, he reaches the office in three minutes after he has left the train.

"At the institute he is asked to give his name and address, the name and address of some near friend, and is closely interrogated as to his use of stimulants. Habitual drinkers are classed by themselves; the periodical drinkers form another class for whom a different treatment is applied. The users of morphine, chloral and cigarettes are likewise set apart for treatment peculiarly adapted to their conditions.

"If the newly arrived patient has brought with him either liquor, morphine, chloral, or cigarettes, he is required to give them up at once. Upon no other condition will his treatment be taken. The patient's left arm is then bared and a hypodermic injection of the bichloride of gold and other curatives is made near the shoulder. He is also furnised with an eight-ounce bottle of medicine, of which he is required to take a teaspoonful in a fourth of a glass of water every two hours when awake. Two warm tub baths a week are also prescribed and a frequent change of under-

TAKING THE DAILY DOPE.

clothing is recommended. The injections are made four times a day, at 8 a. m., 12 m., 5 p. m., and 7:30 p. m., during treatment which commonly lasts three weeks.

"Dr. Keeley places every man upon his honor, supplies him with all needed stimulants, and from the outset fortifies his system with the bi-chloride of gold until further indulgence is impossible. There is not a saloon in Dwight, and there is no place where liquor or morphine can be had other than the institute. A saloon could have but slight support, for no patient could think of patronizing such a place, and there are no drinking in the resident population of 1,500. Dr. Keeley has cured them all.

"No man patient is given private treatment. All must present themselves four times a day at the institute, where they receive a 'shot,' as the contents of the little syringe is called. They soon recognize the fact that whisky is a great leveler. Caste lines are for the time obliterated and they conform to and prefer this plan. Women patients are never seen about the institute and are not recognized as patients upon the street. They live secluded lives and are regularly visited by the physicians at their rooms. The patients now number about 800, for the most part victims of the morphine habit. Nearly all of the brilliant corps of physicians have been cured here of drunkenness, and their kindly interest in the patients is marked.

"The patients at the Keeley institute are unusually bright and intellectual. As has been remarked, almost everybody worth saving comes to Dwight. There are here to-day three clergymen, twenty-seven physicians, a score of lawyers, editors, and magazine writers, board of trade men, actors, merchants, farmers, many commercial travelers, two saloon keepers, one brewer, a postmaster, and men from all other vocations. Sons of two United States senators, a couple of bright railway magnates, a renowned tenor singer, and several retired army officers are among recent arrivals. They are men who have achieved honors and fortune, but have been sorely wounded in their battle with the bottle. They feel the need of recuperation and will go away unhandicapped with the liquor habit and in the fullest use of their mental faculties.

"As to the permanent results of the treatment, it is claimed by Dr. Keeley that 90 per cent of the patients never relapse into drinking habits. The data on which this conclusion is based extend back to the earliest cures, ten years ago. The institute keeps informed in this matter, by regular correspondence with graduates.

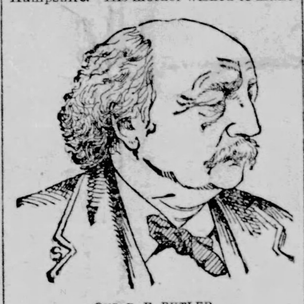
"The class of patients with whom the Keeley cure is least effectual is the young man whose brain is not yet diseased by drink and whom liquor exhilarates. They are often here only to please their parents. They enter upon treatment without an earnest purpose and fret away three irksome weeks, looking forward to the pleasure of renewed dissipation. The older men, those who have known the agony and curse of the liquor habit, are seldom willing to undervalue the terrible experience of the past and again fill their cup of sorrow. They shun liquor as a viper.

"Dr. Keeley does not claim for the gold cure that his graduates cannot drink liquor. Unquestionably they can overcome their acquired repugnance and fall again. He does claim, however, to wholly eradicate the taste for liquor, and to leave the system as pure and untainted as nature created it. If, after all this has been done, the graduate can forget the past and re-establish the appetite for liquor, Dr. Keeley cannot help it."

GEN. B. F. BUTLER.

His Severe Illness—A Recent Portrait of Old Ben.

Though latest accounts are more favorable as to his condition, Ben. Butler is still confined to his room and may not recover. He was born November 5, 1818, and is therefore considerably older than the allotted three score and ten. Ben. Butler's early life was spent in New Hampshire. His mother wished to make



GEN. B. F. BUTLER.

him a Baptist minister, and he is a graduate of an institution belonging to the denomination indicated. When young he was exceedingly slight, red-haired and fair-complexioned. He chose to be a lawyer, and was entered on the roll of attorneys in Massachusetts.

In early life he was a Democrat and served in Congress as such prior to the war. His military career included distinguished services at Baltimore, Norfolk, Va., and New Orleans. He re-entered Congress as a Republican and was a distinguished member of the House of Representatives until 1887. With the Presidency of Mr. Hayes he became a Democratic again, and has been attached to that party ever since. The most notable of his public acts since was his incumbency of the governor's chair in his state. He ran for the Presidency in 1884, with small encouragement.

Mr. Butler has owned his pleasant residence at Lowell thirty-five years. His practice has been chiefly in the courts of Boston. He is a millionaire, acquiring his wealth by successful practice and various investments. Butler is a man of strong affection and sympathies, earnest convictions and enormous mental activity. The singularity of his facial appearance is due chiefly to the fact that his left eye is farsighted and his right eye nearsighted. It is said of him that he can read a law book with one and observe the jury with the other.

SOLILOQUIES IN THE CHOIR.

THE SOPRANO.

It is strange how bliad that preacher has grown,
He actually thinks he's the drawing card,
That the people flock here to hear him spout,
I've a mind to resign, and let him down
hard.

THE ALTO.

The soprano, no doubt, thinks she sings like a bird,
And she does, to my mind; but it can't
bring her luck.
I could give her a hunch when she joins on
my score,
For she knocks it all silly and quacks like a
duck.

THE TENOR.

Good heavens and earth! it's lucky I'm here,
For the sake of those girls who are learning to sing,
The fear that I'd leave if they sent them adrift
May possibly hold from now until spring.

THE BASSO.

Oh, well, these tyros make me sad;
It seems at times that I must weep.
They're children, and I ought to rock
Them in my "Cradle of the Deep."

—[New York Herald.

CHARACTER IN MUSTACHES.

It Depends on Curvature, Symmetry and Curling.

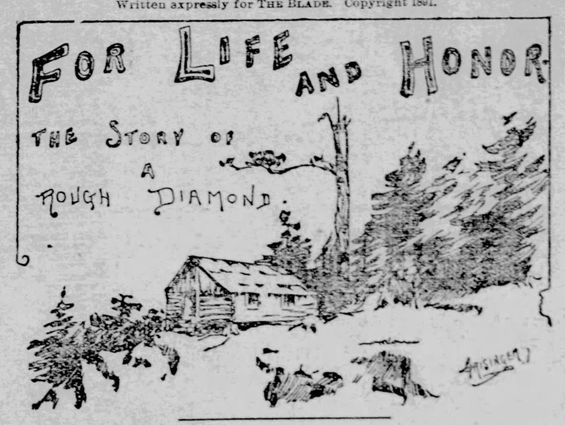
There is a great deal of character in the mustache. As the form of the upper lip and the region about it has largely to do with the feelings, pride, self-reliance, manliness, vanity and other qualities that give self-control, the mustache is connected with the expression of those qualities or the reverse.

When the mustache is ragged, and, as it were flying hither and thither, there is a lack of proper self-control. When it is straight and orderly the reverse is the case, other things, of course, taken into account.

If there is a tendency to curl at the outer end of the mustache there is a tendency to ambition, vanity and display. When the curl turns upward there is geniality, combined with a love of approbation; when the inclination is downward there is a more sedate turn of mind, not accompanied with gloom. It is worthy of remark that good natured men will, in playing with the mustache, invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross grained or morose men will pull it obliquely downward.—[National Barber.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1891.



CHAPTER XXIV.

IRMA'S APPEAL TO GEORGE.

He was conducted into a small room, evidently one set apart for Irma herself, as there were many little evidences of feminine taste and womanly occupation scattered about. Pepita gave him a chair, and requesting him to be seated, vanished.

George had not long to wait, in wonderment as to the object which Irma might have in view, for the door of an adjacent apartment, evidently her sleeping room, was opened in a minute or two, and the young girl came forward to greet him.

She was evidently laboring under much embarrassment. Her face alternately flushed and paled, and when she spoke a few embarrassed words of welcome, she strove in vain to keep her voice steady.

"I must apologize, senor, for taking up your time," she began hurriedly.

George made a courteous gesture of dissent, and expressed himself only too happy to serve her, if it lay in his power.

Irma with an effort next requested to know the business upon which her father had wished to consult him. It was George's turn to become embarrassed, and he explained to her that it was a mere matter of business and that probably Senor Montaldo himself would inform her of its exact nature.

"No, no!" exclaimed the girl, "I do not wish—I dare not ask him. But, Senor, in pity tell me, was it—was it anything concerning myself?"

"Not in the least," responded George promptly. "It was, as I said, a mere matter of business. Your name was not mentioned in the conversation."

Irma's manner became still more embarrassed. It was evident that the question which she had just asked had been a mere ruse to gain time, and that she cared nothing for its answer.

"Oh! how can I ask you?" she went on, the tears springing to her eyes. "But I must know, I must understand. Tell me, did he—did he ask you for money?"

Her eyes were fixed on him as if in entreaty, her hands were clasped, and in pity he told her the truth.

"Yes, Senorita; though I should not have answered your question. Your father desired to obtain a small loan of me."

To George's astonishment, the answer seemed to plunge the girl into the depths of despair. She fell into a violent fit of weeping—so violent that he was alarmed as well as embarrassed, at the situation in which he found himself. He stepped to her side and begged her to control herself. But still her sobs continued, and she gave way to the full abandonment of her grief. George stood helpless and gazed down upon her, wondering at the cause of her outbreak. Gradually she became quieter, and looking up with her red and swollen eyes into his pitying countenance, cried out:

"Oh, Senor, excuse me; have pity upon a poor, helpless girl, who has no real friend in all this wide, wide world!"

"So far as my services will be of avail to you, pray command them and count on me as a friend, so far as a man may befriend a woman."

"Oh, thank you." And seizing his hand, before he could prevent her, she covered it with kisses. "I know you are astonished, perplexed at my conduct. Sit down, Senor. Bear with me a little longer. I must trust somebody, and I know none in whom I could confide willingly but you."

George took the seat indicated, and turned courteously to her in a listening attitude.

"Senor, what I am about to tell, I beg you to keep secret. I say this but to remind. I know you are a gentleman, and that you would not betray the affairs of this unhappy family. My father—oh, God! that a daughter should have to speak so of her father! He has neglected his business. For years he has let his affairs grow more and more entangled, in order that he might indulge in his wild mania for speculation. He is a victim to an accursed thirst for gold. He has mortgaged all his property here for even more than it would bring if it were sold, and if those mortgages were foreclosed, we should all be turned out upon the world, beggars and outcasts. One of them, the first, matures to-morrow, and we can no longer hope for its extension. It was for this that my father begged of you a loan of money. He has been to my uncle, his brother, who resides in the state of Sonora, in endeavor to raise it, but he is already deeply in my uncle's debt, and can no longer look for aid from him. He returned three days ago, and expected—it was his last hope—to obtain money enough to meet this claim by some method—what he could not tell me. But I know that it has been a failure, else he would not have appealed to you."

The girl stopped a moment to dry her eyes, and then resumed her story:

"I tell you this, not that I would have you or my father one penny, for it would not be a loan, it would be a gift—but that it is due to you that you should know the truth."

"But, senorita," interrupted George, "had as your father's affairs may be, is it possible that your creditor, whoever he is, would proceed to such extremities, and even should he, has your father no recourse? Is there no one to whom he could apply for aid?"

Irma shook her head sadly. "None, senor, none. And the creditor—his heart is of stone! There is no hope that he will relent. He has his price and it must be paid." And she shuddered convulsively.

There was a painful silence for a few moments. Then Irma resumed, her head bent down so that George might not see her face. She was evidently strung up to the point of desperation, else she would not have so freely made a comparative stranger her confidant.

"It seems hard that I must pay the penalty for my father's wild speculations, but the last hope is gone." Then springing to her feet with a wild gesture of despair, she cried out: "Driven into a corner, there is no other way. I myself must be the sacrifice."

"Pray explain yourself, Senorita!" exclaimed George. "Your words fill me with alarm, but I can not understand your meaning. You say that you yourself must be the sacrifice?"

"Yes, yes, I said it," she returned. "Why need I, now that I have humbled myself in the very dust before you, hesitate to tell you the whole degrading truth? This creditor—the man to whom this property really belongs, who holds my father in his power—will release the debt on one condition."

"And that condition, Senorita, is—?"

Irma clasped her hands over her burning face and replied in a low tone: "That I—shall marry him!"

"Nonsense!" said George. "There is no reason that you should sacrifice yourself unless you wish in such a cause. Let him take the property. You have a father and a brother. It would be a burning shame if they could not provide for themselves as well as you, without forcing you into a marriage at which your heart revolts."

"No, no, no!" she responded. "You do not understand, senor. We Mexicans have feelings and traditions that are as nothing to you Americans, but which hold us as if with iron bands. For my father to lose his land is to lose his patrimony, to lose social caste, so to speak. You cannot understand the feeling among the Mexicans, who, from father to son for generations and generations, have been the lords of the soil. They may be poor in all else, but so long as they hold the title to their lands, they have their self-respect and the respect of their fellows. To lose their hold upon the soil is like being deprived of a title of nobility. My father and my brother possess this feeling in the fullest extent. To them it were a disgrace to lose the title to these poor acres, even though they are burdened with debt to their full value."

"It may be," returned George, "that the feeling of which you speak is as strong with your father as you say. I have no doubt that it is. But all the same, it is a silly, foolish pride, and he and your brother should be ashamed to wreck your life to gratify it."

A wan smile crossed Irma's face. "Ah, senor, that is another of the possessions of our race which has no place among you free Americans. With us a woman is but little better than a family possession. She is expected to give her hand where her parents will, and the promptings of her heart are entirely disregarded. To my father and my brother this proceeding is the most natural in the world. My father has so far yielded to my prayers in this matter as to make the visit to his brother of of which I spoke."

"And did your uncle understand the true state of affairs—that you would be the sacrifice in case he did not aid your father?"

"He did, Senor, and told my father that he was very foolish not to make so good a bargain, for the price offered for my hand is a release of all the mortgages upon my father's lands."

"And your brother, has he no feeling in the matter?"

"He thinks the same as do my father and my uncle. Besides, what could he do? He has no money, nor yet the means of gaining any. Besides, he is far away. He started some time ago for Matamoras, and he may be gone for months. When he goes away, we know not how long it will be until his return."

"Is there no way in which I can offer my services to ——"

With a swift gesture of entreaty, Irma prevented his saying any more. "Be silent," she commanded. "Humbled as I am, I can not bear that you should say that, No, Senor, you are not a rich man, and it would take, I know, more money than you have at your command to release my father from his indebtness and myself from the toils."

"Who is the creditor who exacts this price?"

It is your uncle's partner, Bernstein."

"Bernstein!" exclaimed George in astonishment.

"Yes, Bernstein. He says he loves me, but I would rather die than wed him."

The girl was evidently worked up to the pitch of desperation. She walked up and down the room, wringing her slender hands in anguish.

"I have at least done some good. I have saved you from being a victim to my brother's wiles. He thought that he could get money from you through some of his accursed arts. He brought you here to this house in the hope that you would become interested—yes, I will say it—in the hope that you might become interested in me, and for my sake become an easier prey. Yes, even my father, I fear, thought the same thing. But I fought them. I told them that if they dared to attempt such a thing that I would warn you; that you at least should not become their victim."

George sat silent, not knowing what to do or say, a great pity filling his heart for the unfortunate girl.

"Oh, why should I hesitate!" she went on. "I can say nothing that would make you have a worse opinion of us all than you now entertain. I was a silly fool! They brought you here that you might fall in love with me. They did not think nor care that I—that I might love you!"

Pausing in her rapid walk, she again covered her burning face with her hands. With a gasp she turned again to George.

"Yes, I own it! Do not speak—I cannot bear it! But I love you! I have loved you ever since I first knew you. Do not speak, senor—I know that it is impossible. I have watched you and I am sure that some one else—who she may be I know not—owns your heart. But for the sake of the wretched woman who stands before you, for the sake of the hopeless love she bears you, do me one last favor!"

"Name the favor, Senorita, and it shall be done."

"I can not. I will not stay here to be made a victim. Give me the means of getting to a place of safety. Give me but enough to take me to Merico, where I may find a refuge from Bernstein."

The scene was inexpressibly painful to George. He rose to his feet as he said:

"I shall do it, Senorita. In the morning I will place a sum in your hands sufficient, I hope, to do what you require."

"You will? May all the saints in Heaven bless you forever!" And the poor girl threw herself upon her knees, and, seizing his hand, covered it with kisses.

George gently lifted the sobbing girl to a seat, and bending over her, imprinted a kiss upon her forehead.

"Farewell, senorita," he said. "I shall be here in the morning with what I promised you."

Snatching his hat he hurriedly made his way into the street and thence homeward.

When this point in the story was reached, Tipton looked up at George with the inquiry: "That was what you wanted with the $2,000 which you obtained from your uncle, eh?"

George nodded.

"I infer, also, that this story explains where you were on the evening before the murder!"

"Yes, it does."

"When did you give the girl this money?"

"When I left the banking house in my flight, my first thought was to find means of conveying it to her. I according went directly to the Montaldo house, and going to the side of the building in which was situated the entrance to Irma's apartments, I noticed a dim light through one of the windows. I rapped upon it and called her name gently. She came to the window and I placed the money in her hands, all except $500, which I knew I would need for myself. I told her the sum and she demurred at accepting it, saying that it was entirely too much. I insisted on her taking it, and cut the matter short by leaving her."

"How did she know that you were in danger—that you were in hiding up at the mines?"

"I have not the slightest idea," was George's reply.

"Did you have no communication with her about the matter?"

"None whatever. I received no word from her. How could I? Nor did I send any to her. I was as much surprised as a man could be when I saw her dressed in her brother's clothes on horseback with Harry."

"You wrote to her from St. Louis?"

"I did."

"Why—and what was the purport of your letter?"

"Seeing that she had not yet taken advantage of the opportunity to fly, I wrote to her to inquire if her father had settled the matter in some other way, and urged her if there was any danger that she would be compelled to marry against her will, to fly at once to her friends."

"Did you receive any answer to that letter?"

"Yes, I received a letter from her at St. Louis on the same day that Harry's reached me."

"What was her reply?"

"That she had no friends in Mexico whom she dared ask for shelter, and that her only hope was in reaching Matamoras, where she might possibly find some of the old friends of her mother. If these should fail she should go to Germany, as some of her mother's relatives were still living there."

"Do you know where she is now?"

"I do not. When I reached Matamoras I found that she and her father had been there together. Where they went I could not find out."

"Why do you suppose her father at the last moment shared her flight?"

"I have not the least idea."

"And you have no knowledge of either of them since that time? Did you see or hear of her brother Jose during your travels?"

"I was told that he had joined a band of contrabandists, engaged in smuggling goods across the border from the United States, and that in an affray with the Mexican authorities he was killed. This occurred somewhere on the upper Rio Grande, some four or five months ago. You now possess everything that I know concerning the Montaldos."

"That girl must be found," said Tipton, musingly. "She knows more of this matter than has as yet been made public."

"What do you think of the matter now, Mr. Tipton?" said Harry, speaking for the first time.

"What I may think, Mr. Vandeveer, is of very little importance; but I know if I had been in possession of all these facts when we were at Rosita before, that I would have had the real murderer behind the bars long before this," was Mr. Tipton's answer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LULLABIES FROM ALL LANDS.

DANISH.

Sleep, sleep, little mouse!
The field your fathers roughs;
Your mother feeds pigs in the sty,
She'll come and slap you when you cry.

CHINESE.

Snail, snail, come out and be fed,
Put on your horns and then your head.
And thy mammy will give thee mutton,
For thou art doubly dear to me.

SPANISH.

The moon shines bright,
And the snake darts swift and light;
I see five baby bullocks
And a calf young and white.

ARABIC.

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
Sleep a slumber bale,
Sweetly rest till morning light,
My little farmer boy, so bright.

ZULU.

Hush, thee, my baby,
Thy mother's over the mountain gone,
There she will dig the little garden patch,
And water she'll fetch from the river.

NORWEGIAN.

Row, row to Baltenarock,
How many fish are caught in the net?
One for father and one for mother,
One for sister and one for brother.

SWEDISH.

Hush, hush, baby mine;
Pussy climbs the big green pine;
Mother turns the millstone,
Father to kill the pig has gone.

GERMAN.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
Thy father guards the sheep,
The mot'er shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it falls sweet dreams for thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

—[Rockaway Journal.

Mme. Patti's Life.

Mme. Patti's life at Craig-y-Nos, which she is wont to call "un grand divertissement," would scarcely satisfy a New York school girl so far as excitement and pleasure are concerned. Surrounded by a few girls and trusted old friends, she spends the quiet days in simple amusements. At 8 o'clock she rises, writes her letters and transacts the business of her estate for an hour or two, runs her scales and trills her arias until a short walk in the grounds brings the 12 o'clock dejeuner, where she meets her guests for the first time in the day. After this there is a long drive, and the hostess on her return shuts herself up for a little quiet reading of the English books she admires so much. Dinner is at 7; after it the guests take part in the favorite game of billiards. At 10:30 the song-bird retires and the day is done, to be followed by a succession of days precisely like it. This is Patti's recreation. When at work the regimen is strict, indeed, both in food, rest and social pleasure. The great diva follows the old Greek saying: "Choose what you will have and pay the price." She is the only Adelina, but a factory girl discounts her in social relaxation.—[St. Louis Republic.

Her Unfortunate Mistake.

It was her first dinner party. She was naturally a little nervous, but everything went off well and she soon became more

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes that Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

The extreme popularity of Gen. Wallace's "Ben Hur" is a thing not easily to be accounted for by the critic, but it is none the less a fact, and it justifies in their enterprise the publishers in their latest and most sumptuous edition of the work. It is a beautiful piece of book-making, in two-wide-margined duodecimos, furnished with a large number of photo-gravure plates, and marginal drawings upon every page. It is called the "Garfield" edition, and a fac-simile letter of President Garfield, expressing his appreciation of the work, prefaces the first volume. Published by Harper & Bros., New York city.

"The Burning of Rome" is a story of the days of Nero by Rev. Alfred J. Church, jr., which is published by MacMillan & Co., New York City. The author says that he has closely followed in his narrative the lines of Tacitus, although he has idealized the character of Epicharis. It is well written, and those who enjoy the stories of those far-away times will be interested in this one.

"Men of Iron," by Howard Pyle, is an exciting tale of life in England during part of the reign of Henry IV., who, although a much better man and ruler than his predecessor, did not suit some of the nobles. Any boy will rejoice to own this handsome book. Harper & Brothers New York City.

From the same publishers comes another of Colonel Thomas W. Knox's "Boy Travelers," whom thousands of other boys have been envying for years, and who make a new journey each summer, returning always in time to put their recollections in an attractive book, large enough to contain hundreds of pictures. Their latest tour was through Germany, the Netherlands and Scandinavia.

A vignette edition, in two volumes, with many new illustrations, of Tennyson's complete works has been recently, issued by Frederick A. Stokes's company. The illustrations are by Charles Howard Johnson.

D. Appleton & Co., New York City, issues a story for boys and girls entitled "Straight On," by the author of Colette. The work has 86 illustrations by Edward Zier.

A very interesting volume, especially to musicians, is entitled "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama," by Henry Edward Krehbiel. It is an effort to define the the real position of Richard Wagner in the world of art, and the significance of his work.

"The Antigone of Sophocles," by Milton Humphreys, is intended for the use of students in colleges, having copious notes and an introduction and an appendix that are excellent. The volume will be found a very useful one. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

The progress of the sport of football in this country, and a corresponding growth of inquiry as to the methods adopted by experienced teams have, says the author, prompted the publication of this book. It is entitled "American Football," by Walter Camp. It contains 31 portraits. The publishers are Harper & Brothers, New York City.

From the Century Co., New York City, comes "Siberia and the Exile System," by George Kennan. Perhaps no series of articles printed in a periodical has ever attracted a wider interest throughout the civilized world than this series in the *Century* Magazine. They have been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, and although on the black-list of the Russian government, they have nevertheless been widely read from St. Petersburg to the remotest bounds of Siberia. As is well known, the original articles were the result of a journey made by Mr. Kennan through Siberia, during which he visited every important prison and convict mine, made the acquaintance of hundreds of political prisoners, and had many important interviews with Russian prison officials.

"On the Indian River," is a book brought out by Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago. Its author, C. Vickerstaff Hine, begins by telling of his belief that there must be somewhere a veritable fountain of youth if it could only be found, and after studying over books of semi-tropic travel, he finally picked out Florida as the "El Dorado of his opportunity" and started thither.

"Thais" is a book recently published in paper by the Nile C. Smith Publishing Co., 325 Dearborn street, Chicago. It is the work of Anatole France and translated by D. Hall. The plot is simple, the interest well sustained, and the style brilliant.

"All Around the Year 1892," is a calendar with entirely new designs in colors, by J. Pauline Sumter. It is composed of heavy, gilt edged cards, tastily tied with white silk cord, and a delicate, silver chain attached, by which they may be hung on the wall or elsewhere, and are so arranged on rings that they may be turned over as each shall be needed for reference. Altogether, it is a charming piece of work, a thorough pleasure to the eye, and sure to win a welcome wherever it goes. Published by Lee & Shepherd, Boston.

"Friendship" is a volume made up of essays by Cicero, Bacon and Emerson upon this subject. Nothing more delightful and appropriate as a gift to friend has it heretofore been possible to procure. The volume is an octavo with gilt top and bound in white parchment cloth. It is published by Albert Scott & Co., Chicago.

A new edition of the "Manual for Building and Loan Associations," by Henry L. Rosenthal, has recently been issued by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O. This work contains much useful information regarding the origin, history, objects and benefits of building associations, their plan and methods of organizing and conducting them, charges, legislation and other practical and useful information and suggestions.

"The Divine Enterprise of Missions" is a series of lectures delivered at New Brunswick, N. J., by Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D. In this work the author sets forth a philosophy of the history of missions. He seeks the eternal and immutable principles of mission work in the utterances of the Master himself, and tests the quality of such work by its adherence to or departure from these principles as laid down in the infallible Word. He treats the subject under the divine thought, plan, work, spirit, force, fruit and challenge of missions. Few writers are better prepared to treat a subject of this kind well. It is issued by the Baker & Taylor Co., New York City.

"Misjudged," that most charming novel by W. Heimburg, the author of "Hortense" and other popular novels, has been published in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. It was translated by Mary E. Almy.

ROME'S FAMOUS CORSO.

A Street That Carries the Memory Far Back Into the Past.

Of all the historic streets the great cities of the world possesses, none can surpass, if indeed any can vie with, the so-called Corso of Rome. Shorn as it is now of its ancient and mediæval glories, it is haunted by trains of memories which consecrate it to every student.

In our own times, even in Rome, upstart rivals, of modern growth—and one in particular, the Via Nazionale—assume to compare with it. It exceeds in length and in breadth; it has many more arts and graces and conveniences that the narrow and dear old Corso lacks. Larger and newer buildings are ranged along its sides. Broader paths for foot passengers have there been constructed.

Gayer shops, with larger windows, flaunt their goods and invite the world of purchasers. Tramways have there been laid down, and the sound of the trumpet from the tramway omnibuses warns the carriages and foot passengers to clear the road. All is new, modern, and the birth of to-day.

But there are no memories there, no gleams of visions of old days and customs and persons such as cling about the narrow length of the old and world-famous street. There are no haunting spirits, no historic reminiscences, no legends of the old, no figures of the past, written W. W. Story in Scribner's.

There is all the difference between these two streets that there is between a gay young girl just entering into life, full of thoughtless gaety and looking forward into the future, and the staid old matron, in her serene age, who lives more in the past than in the present, and who has delightful stories of the times gone by, and the glories and splendors of her youth. Could the Corso be incarnated, with what delight should we hang upon her lips and listen to her old-world tales and live over with her the long-vanished past!

OLD DAYS AT WEST POINT

THE CADETS' CODE OF HONOR

Hazing in the Old Days and Its Results—Fair and Manly Battles—The Challenge and the Fight—Afterwards.

[Written for the Blade by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. Copyright, 1891.]

AND now we come to a point on which I have been questioned many a time, and that has doubtless occurred to every young man who has read this series. Setting aside the possibility of even the despised "plebe's" informing on his persecutors, which in our time at least the plebe would never do, was there no other way of putting a stop to these indignities and outrages? Couldn't a fellow fight?

Fight? Bless your unsophisicated soul, of course he could! and did; and doing so was just as much against the printed regulations of the United States Military Academy as any other of the thousand and one things a cadet was enjoined not to do. Fights? Why, we had no end of them, and any of them meant court-martial and possible dismissal for every man who took part in the affair, provided somebody "preferred charges."

In all my association with the academy I never knew a summer and a camp when the plebes were as mercilessly—persistently—"deviled," as we called it then, and "hazed," as they call it now, as that of '62, and toward the end of the camp there came to the Point the wife of a Union general, the mother of one of our class. Her son could not visit her at the hotel the afternoon of her arrival. "Had an important engagement—at Fort Clinton," was the brief explanation. "What on earth does this mean?" she asked of one of the officers on duty at the academy, an old comrade of her husband's. "Looks like a fight," was the cool reply. "The boy has the right stuff in him."

"But I thought fighting was contrary to regulations, and that you officers had to stop everything of the kind."

"Ye-es. It certainly is contrary to regulations. So it was in your husband's time when he had six or eight fisticuffs a year. Boys have to fight, my dear madam, especially here. There's no other way of settling their difficulties."

"But if caught they're court-martialed. Don't you have to report them?"

"I certainly do—if I catch them, but that's one thing I never try to catch. If I happen to hear among you dear ladies up here at the hotel that cadets so and so have had a falling out and that a settlement was impending I keep away from old Fort Clinton until the report is received from the post surgeon that cadets so and so are in the hospital for a day or two on account of 'contusions.' In fact I make it a point to keep away from that historic battle-ground entirely for fear of interrupting some *affair d'honneur*. Of course, if there were bad blood or foul play we would step in, but they regulate all these things themselves, and their fights are generally as fairly managed and as pluckily fought out as any ever seen."

Now the officer took just exactly the view of Thomas Hughes in that healthiest and best of boy classics, "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby," and I do not propose to argue the question at all. Let me simply tell you how the affairs were handled in the war days.

To begin with, bullying was out of the question. A big, burly fellow who attempted to hector some youngster "not his match" would bring down upon himself the censure of the whole corps, and if he persisted, would surely be "sent to Coventry," cut dead by every cadet whose acquaintance was worth having. By this unwritten law of the battalion there were always four or five members of the senior class who were the arbiters of all vexed questions; who prohibited unequal matches, prevented fights over trivial misunderstandings, but "umpired" each and every combat when it did take place. The etiquette of the boys on matters of this kind was precise as that of the Heidelberg student, but the appeal to arms was entitled to as much respect in the one case as to ridicule in the other. West Pointers faced each other in fair and manly fashion, armed only with nature's weapons, shielded only by their own skill, instead of slashing at one another's cheeks and noses like so many negroes with their razor blades. The rule at the Point was a "fight to a finish." There were no drawn battles, no indecisive affairs over which to dispute or wrangle afterward.

And yet some of the cadet fashions had their comical side. No man could be known as over anxious to fight, ever seeking pretext for quarrel, any more than he could stagger under the stigma of cowardice. "Never seek—never shirk," was the motto, and therefore an unwritten code as to what did and what did not constitute *casus belli* was in existence and some of its tenets were peculiar. A plebe, for instance, could not claim to have been insulted because a yearling referred to him as a "beast," that being the general term by which the entire array of new cadets were known for the first three months of their probation. He could not properly demand satisfaction (though he would unquestionably get it if he did) for being hazed, deviled, tormented, smoked out, blanket-tossed, or even yanked, unless in so doing a yearling actually laid hands upon him. To haul a plebe from tent to ditch by his blanket was not to be regarded as an affront. It was all right to cover a fellow with dust and dirt and slide him over cobble-stones or broom-handles on his mad career about the shadowy camp, but so much as a dipperful of clear, cold water thrown at him was a mortal insult and one to be resented on the spot. Indeed a cup of cold water in this instance was the equivalent of a blow. Preliminaries were dispensed with and the fight came off then and there. A crowd would gather at once, classmates of the combatants encouraging their men by low-toned, eager words. Two or three first-classmen would be promptly at the spot to see fair play, but rarely indeed were fights in camp fought to a finish. The guards were sure to see or hear and, though "off duty" they would not interfere for worlds, "on post," or on duty, their own safety demanded action. A patrol would quickly be dispatched from the guard tent to the scene whose duty everybody knew was to arrest the entire assembly; but you never saw men run so hard and get over ground so slowly. Had the patrol been "double quicking" over a treadmill or had the officer in command whispered "mark time," they could hardly have accomplished less, and when, at last, breathless, they reached the spot, principals and participants would have whisked away and nothing remained but a small assemblage of yearlings with faces of preternatural innocence or else a laughing crowd, applauding a suddenly improvised sparring match between two comrades whose Damon and Pythias-like relations were such as to preclude the possibility of their being fighting for blood.

But when in the thousand and one differences that spring up between boys, a cadet of any class felt that some other fellow, classmate or stranger, had done him an injury the matter was simple enough. Mr. Brown, for instance, would go to Smith, his classmate (for a man must always have the backing of his own class), Smith being experienced in these matters, and say to him. "Smith, Mr. Ferguson, of the third class, referred to me as 'that damned fellow Brown' a moment ago. Of course you know what is necessary; will you see me through?" Now Smith knows well that challenging a cadet to fight is a dismissal offense, "and that all promoters, seconds, etc., shall be regarded as principals," but cadet ethics form a higher code of laws than the Revised Regulations of the United States military academy. All he needs to know is that his classmate—"his man," to use the vernacular of the code, is physically of about the same caliber as the offending party. Straightway he goes to Ferguson.

"Mr. Ferguson, my friend, Mr. Brown, feels affronted at your language. You referred to him as 'that damned fellow.' May we look for an apology?"

Now it may have been a slip for which Ferguson is already sorry, in which event he has only to go round to Brown and, in the presence of two or three comrades, tell him so like a little man, but from the very start a cadet is taught to curb his temper and put a bridle on his tongue. Muttering, mumbling, black looks, back biting, etc., were never tolerated. "Speak 'open and above board'—to a fellow's face—not behind his back" was the creed, and a better and manlier does not exist. Ferguson knows that if he does not apologize he must fight, and perhaps, after all, the best way would be to fight first and apologize afterward. At least many and many

LEAD TO THE HOSPITAL.

a petty quarrel was settled on that basis. So Ferguson refers Smith to his own chum, Jones; Smith and Jones together call on Cadet Captain Cross to request him to act as referee. Cross knows the men, estimates the weights (his own chances in the case of detection are not considered), and that evening on the battalion marches away to supper several little parties "fall out" after roll call and in squads of two or three scoot across the posts of the sentries nearest the fort. The officers have gone to the hotel for supper. The sentries have been given a quiet tip and are attracted to the far end of their "beats," and in five minutes the principals have doffed their coats and are facing each other in the ring of silent but excited comrades. Only two styles of fighting were known in our day, "rough-and-tumble" and "London Prize Ring." The Marquis of Queensbury rules were not in existence. The London rules were rarely chosen, because the fights might last for hours. "Rough and tumble" was the word, all gouging, foul hitting, etc., being rigorously prohibited, a foul instantly "throwing" the fight and bringing the perpetrators into disrepute. "Ready? Go!" was the referee's orders, and then for a few minutes the fur would fly. In magnificent health, training and general conditions, the combatants were able to give and take hard pounding, and the blood would spurt like water, but at last there would be a clinch, a strain and struggle, a heavy, tottering fall, referee and second eagerly bending over and watching, warning, and finally one or the other would be found powerless and exhausted. "Enough," cries his second. The victor is assisted to his feet, the vanquished is sponged, fanned, and eventually the two are conducted to the hospital, where the stewards bandage and plaster their battered vissages; the doctor, making his morning round, remarks that the sidewalks seem to have been slippery again last night, and, put to bed in the same ward, the young gladiators are up in a day or so, have shaken hands as well as sprained thumbs would permit, and are playing checkers together as chipper as you please—better friends than if they hadn't fought. And that sort of thing goes on yet.

CHARLES KING.

CONTINUED NEXT SATURDAY.

THE LATE W. J. FLORENCE.

The Comedian's Epitaph—Written by William Winter.

The remains of the late W. J. Florence, now in the receiving tomb at Greenwood, are to be laid in the grave, in that cemetery, says the New York *Tribune*, shortly after the arrival of Mrs. Florence from England. The comedian's epitaph has been written by William Winter, at the request of relatives of the deceased, and is as follows:

HERE REST THE ASHES OF
WILLIAM JAMES FLORENCE,
COMEDIAN.

HIS COPIOUS AND VARIED DRAMATIC POWERS, TOGETHER WITH THE ABUNDANT GRACES OF HIS PERSON, COMBINED WITH AMPLE PROFESSIONAL EQUIPMENT AND A TEMPERAMENT OF PECULIAR SENSIBILITY AND CHARM, MADE HIM ONE OF THE BEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL ACTORS OF HIS TIME, ALIKE IN COMEDY AND IN SERIOUS DRAMA. HE RANGED EASILY FROM HANDY ANDY TO BOB BRIERLY, AND FROM CAPTAIN CUTTLE TO OBERHEIZER. IN AUTHORSHIP, ALIKE OF PLAYS, STORIES, MUSIC, AND SONG, HE WAS INVENTIVE, VERSATILE, FACILE, AND GRACEFUL; IN HIS ADMIRABLE; IN LIFE GENTLE: HE WAS WIDELY KNOWN, AND HE WAS KNOWN ONLY TO BE LOVED.

HE WAS BORN IN ALBANY, N. Y.,
JULY 26, 1831.

HE DIED IN PHILADELPHIA, PENN.,
NOVEMBER 19, 1891.

By Virtue cherished, by Affection mourned,
By Honor hallowed and by Fame adorned.
Here FLORENCE sleeps, and o'er his sacred rest
Each word is tender and each thought is blest.
Long, for his loss, shall pensive Memory wear
Through Humor's mask, the visage of her woe,
Day breathe a darkness that no sun dispels,
And Night be full of whispers and farewells;
While patient Kindness, shadow-like and dim,
Droops in its loneliness, bereft of him.
Feels its sad doom and sure decadence nigh—
For how should Kindness live, when he could die!

The eager heart, that felt for every grief,
The bounteous hand, that loved to give relief,
The honest smile, that blessed where'er it lit,
The dew of pathos and the sheen of wit,
The sweet, blue eyes, the voice of melting tone,
That made all hearts as gentle as his own,
The Actor's charm, supreme in royal thrall,
That ranged through every field and shone in all—
For these must Sorrow make perpetual moan,
Bereaved, benighted, hopeless, and alone?
Ah, no; for Nature does not act amiss,
And Heaven were lonely but for souls like this.

—[William Winter.

My Nerves Are All Right

And I have gained 10 pounds in 6 months, as the result of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, says Mr. B. H. Rose of the firm of Rose & Eddy, Rochester, N. Y. "I had almost

Chronic Dyspepsia

My digestion being very bad, and I was broken down from overwork so that I could not sleep nights. But my stomach is now in perfect condition, and for all the above benefit my gratitude is due Hood's Sarsaparilla."

"Water-Brash

And dyspepsia troubled me for 10 years, and after trying various things I concluded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The **effect is marvelous** as I seem to be almost entirely cured." J. M. JOHNSON, 427 10th Street, Toledo, Ohio. If you suffer from

Indigestion

Or dyspeptic troubles try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gently tones and stimulates the stomach, assists digestion and creates an appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address. The name will not be published.

2.—Send only one question at a time, if you expect full replies. If more than one, they *must* be on the same general subject, not on different ones.

3.—Do not ask us where you can buy or sell anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

5.—Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

6.—No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Our New Story.

Every reader of the Question Bureau is asked to read the announcement of our new story on page 4 of this issue, and to send us lists of names of persons to whom we may send sample copies of THE BLADE containing the first instalment. Please send lists at *once!* We want a million names!

Electoral Vote of 1892.

F. P. K., McComb, O.: The following table represents the new electoral vote of 1892, with asterisks (*) to each state that voted Republican in 1888 and the same to the states in the column giving the vote of 1892 which voted Republican in either or both of the elections of 1880 and 1891:

Alabama	11	Nebraska*	8
Arkansas	8	Nevada*	3
California*	8	New Hampshire	4
Colorado*	4	New Jersey	10
Connecticut	6	New York	36
Delaware	3	North Carolina	11
Florida	4	North Dakota*	3
Georgia	13	Ohio*	23
Idaho*	3	Oregon*	4
Illinois	24	Pennsylvania*	32
Indiana	15	Rhode Island	4
Iowa	13	South Carolina	9
Kansas	10	South Dakota	4
Kentucky	13	Tennessee	12
Louisiana	8	Texas	15
Maine*	6	Vermont*	4
Maryland	8	Virginia	12
Massachusetts	15	Washington*	4
Michigan	14	West Virginia	6
Minnesota*	9	Wisconsin	12
Mississippi	9	Wyoming*	3
Missouri	17		
Montana	3	Total	444

The Electoral College has been increased by the new census and the new apportionment and the admission of new states from 401 to 444. Six new states have been admitted to the Union since the election of 1888, viz: Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming, with an aggregate electoral vote of 20. The remainder of the increase is due to the increase of population under the new census.

Under the new apportionment, there is one Representative to about 183,000 people.

Brahma—Buddhism.

W. O. T., Ellis Mound, Ill.: Brahma is not the name of a man. It is a word signifying "worship, offering of devotion and praise." Later, it was used to mean holy words, songs, action, etc., and finally the highest object of religious thought and veneration, the absolute and infinite. In the later Hindoo theology, Brahma is one of the three supreme gods—the creator; the others, Siva, the destroyer, and Vishnu, the preserver. The Brahmins, whose name comes from the word, constitute a caste of priests in India.

Buddhism is one of the religions of India, so named from Buddha, its founder. "Buddha" means "the learned, the wise, the intelligent." The Buddhists hold that innumerable Buddhas have appeared to save the world, among them the last being Sakyamuni, believed to have been the ninth incarnation of Vishnu. His history is largely legendary and mythical. Whether Sakyamuni ever lived or not, a religious reform took place in India about the time of the supposed death, which is believed to have been 543 B. C.

It is difficult to give briefly a synopsis of Buddhist belief. It maintains first, the unreality and illusiveness of nature. The final object of existence is the deliverance of the soul from all pain and illusion. This is attained by purification from even the desire of existence. The so-called Buddhist "formula of faith" is: "Pain is birth, age, disease, death, the meeting with what one dislikes, the separation from what one loves, the failure to obtain what one strives for." The causes of pain are the desires, lusts, passions. Annihilation of all these causes is the third truth. The way of annihilation is right view, right sense, right speech, right action, right position, right energy, right memory, and right meditation. Such is the formula of faith. The essence of Buddhistic morality is "to eschew everything bad, to perform everything good, to tame one's thoughts." The genuine law of Sakyamuni was in those four truths, and was altogether moral and practical. All the theology, sacrifices, penances, priesthood, and mysticism now found in Buddhism have been added since then.

Pension Questions.

F. R. M., Morgan Springs, Tenn.: You can obtain the bounty or back pay due your dead brother.

T. B. M., Wellington, Kan.: The first claimant to a homestead has the right to it, if he can prove his claim.

A. F., Sidney, O.: The death of the mother of the soldier stops her pension. Her children can not draw it.

L. S. M., Ansley, Neb.: You can not get the postoffice address of a pensioner by writing to the pension office.

E. A., Hosea Path, S. C.: Your claim is undoubtedly receiving prompt attention. We know nothing about the agent who has your case.

J. W. W., Buckeye, W. Va.: In the case you mention, the remainder of the veteran's bounty was not earned, and therefore can not be obtained.

J. M. R., Barnesville, O.: 1.—There is no way to bridge over the time not covered by your proofs. Under the existing laws, you must complete the proof. 2.—You can not demand a re-examination and re-rating.

A. O., Belmore, O.: Pensions are not allowed to soldiers' grandchildren. We know of no society of descendants of Revolutionary soldiers, in Ohio, except an order called Sons of the Revolution. We do not know where their headquarters are.

B. M., North Manchester, Ind.: The agent can only collect his fee when the claim is allowed. If your claim for increase under the old law is allowed, you will pay $25. If he gets both claims granted, you will pay $50.

T. D., Turtle Lake, Wis.: If an applicant who, while he has a claim pending under the old law, is allowed a pension under the new law, and the first be allowed, he can obtain the latter by giving up his pension under the new law. He can resume the latter by giving up the former afterward. But he can not draw two pensions at the same time.

Naturalization.

W. E. W., Rural, Ind.: The naturalization laws of the United States provide that an alien seeking to become a citizen shall declare, on oath, before any United States court or a state court of record, at least two years before his admission, that it is his intention to become a citizen, and renounce his allegiance to all foreign rulers.

He must have lived here five years, and in the state or territory where naturalized one year; and during that time he has been a man of good character, attached to the principles of the constitution, and well disposed to good order in this country. After two years from his declaration, if he has fulfilled the other conditions, he may make oath that he will support the constitution of the United States, and renounce all allegiance to his former ruler. He then becomes a citizen of the United States.

H. T. S., North Baltimore, O.: Congress can make any law it pleases about naturalization of aliens, of course. See reply above. A state can bestow the franchise on an alien who has declared his intention to become a citizen to vote at state elections, before he has become fully naturalized. Several states do this, the list being as follows:

Alabama and Arkansas—After declaring intention.

Colorado—Four months after declaring intention.

Florida—After declaring intention.

Indiana—After declaring intention and living six months in state.

Kansas—After declaring intention.

Michigan—Six months after declaring intention, if he has lived two years and six months in the state.

Minnesota—After declaring intention.

Missouri—After declaring intention, if he has done so not less than one year nor more than five before offering to vote.

Nebraska—Thirty days after declaring intention.

Oregon—One year after declaring intention.

Texas and Wisconsin—After declaring intention.

Helen of Troy.

J. R. H., Ducktown, Tenn.: Helen, according to the Greek legend, was the most beautiful woman of her time. She became the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, by whom she had a daughter, Hermione. Three years after her marriage, she fled with Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, to that city. The Greek princes, who had been suitors for the hand of Helen, in accordance with an oath they made when she accepted Menelaus, all took up arms to restore her to her husband. The Trojan war, lasting ten years, was the result. Paris was killed during the siege, and Helen married Deiphobus, his brother. When the Greeks took Troy, she treacherously led the Greeks to his chamber. She returned to Sparta with Menelaus. After his death she was driven into exile, and went to Rhodes. The queen of that island, Polyxo, whose husband, Tlepolemus, had been killed in the Trojan war, caused her to be seized while bathing, tied to a tree and strangled. Homer's "Iliad" is the story of the siege of Troy.

Pensions and Pension Clerks.

L. A. C., Dunlap, Tenn.: The number of pensioners of the Mexican war is about 17,000. Of the war of the rebellion, about 750,000 invalids, and 315,000 widows. These figures indicate the number of certificates issued. Large numbers of pensioners have died, of course. By sending to your member of Congress, he can probably furnish you with the report of the Commissioner of of Pensions, which has the exact figures up to its date.

D. J. C., Elm Hall, Mich.: The official force of the pension office, men and women, on June 30, 1890, was 2,009. Why did you not name your state? It took ten minutes' time to find you are in Michigan. Don't be careless.

Indian Summer.

Vulcan, Martelle, Iowa: Indian summer is the name given to the mild days of the late fall, after there have been fall storms. The sun is still far enough north to shine warmly in fair weather. The hazy condition of the atmosphere at such times is largely due to forest or prairie fires; at least this is the common explanation of it. The same period, when it occurs in November, is often called in Central Europe "St. Martin's summer," because it generally occurs about the time of that saint's day in the Roman Catholic calendar. It is also sometimes called "St. Luke's little summer," when a spell of mild weather occurs about that saint's day, October 18.

All letters to THE BLADE are opened in the counting-room. In the case of yours, the one part was sent upstairs to the Household editor; the list of names for sample copies (for which we thank you) was handed to the clerk having charge of that work; the vote was sent to the member of the editorial staff in charge of that; and your question to the editor of the Bureau. No one of these persons saw any other part of the letter, or knew anything about it. This is the reason that each separate inclosure should have name and address.

Millet's "Angelus."

Ignorance, Toledo, Ohio: The painting, "The Angelus," represents two French peasants, at work digging potatoes in a field at the close of the day. The bell of the church in the distance rings for evening prayer. This is called the Angelus bell, because it is usual at that hour to repeat a prayer to the Virgin, called the "Angelus" by Roman Catholics. The two peasants pause in their work at the sound of the bell, and with bowed heads reverently repeat the prayer. The picture is by Millet, a very famous French painter, now dead. It was brought to the United States a couple of years ago on exhibition, and was then taken back to France, where it now is.

About Tobacco Raising.

J. M. L., Crystal Springs, Ark.: A farmer may not raise tobacco, twist it by hand and sell it, for the twisting would make him a manufacturer. A merchant has the right to buy leaf tobacco in the unbroken case, and sell it by retail to consumers, if properly qualified, that is bonded, under the internal revenue law. The farmer may not peddle tobacco in the leaf without becoming licensed, but he may sell it to licensed dealers. The government's theory has always been that all tobacco from the time it matures must be accounted for. Though the only tax is upon the manufactured article.

No Liquor License.

F. W., Argos, Ind.: The national government does not grant any license to sell liquor. It imposes a special annual tax upon distillers, brewers, rectifiers, and wholesale and retail dealers. This does not interfere with the local or state laws against prohibition. Whoever sells liquors must pay the annual tax to the federal government; but the state has a perfect right in any case to prohibit the sale. Please read Rule 3 at the head of this department.

The Supreme Court.

C. M., Holton Valley, Mo.: The Supreme court of the United States is constituted as follows:

Chief Justice.	State.	Year App'nted.
Melville W. Fuller	Illinois	1888
Associate Justices.		
Stephen J. Field	California	1863
Joseph P. Bradley	New Jersey	1870
John M. Harlan	Kentucky	1877
Horace Gray	Massachusetts	1881
Samuel Blatchford	New York	1882
L. Q. C. Lamar	Mississippi	1888
David J. Brewer	Kansas	1889
Henry B. Brown	Michigan	1890

Solicitor—Chief Justice, $10,500; Justices, $10,000.

Thermometers.

J. B., Webberville, Mich.: The first thermometers were made of colored spirits of wine, with a scale of degrees whose fixed points were the cold of some of the most intense of winter and the greatest heat of summer at the city of Florence. Fahrenheit, of Amsterdam, in 1720, introduced his scale, whose zero is 32 degrees below the freezing point. Why he fixed his zero at that point is not generally known. He put the boiling point of water at 212 degrees.

Celsius, of Sweden, in 1742, introduced the centigrade thermometer, with 100 degrees between freezing and boiling, zero (0) being the freezing point, instead of 32 degrees below it, as in Fahrenheit's scale. This thermometer is now used throughout Europe and by scientific men everywhere, because its scale is a decimal one.

Religious Intolerance.

A. R., Hannon, Mo., asks: "Is there a country or nation existing at present where they attempt religious intolerance similar to the colonial times in our own country?"

We think not, in any civilized country. The right of worship, however, is subject to restrictions in many Catholic countries. For example, a Protestant church in Brazil was not allowed to be built in the usual form of a church, nor to have a tower or bells, until the revolution two years ago. Intolerance of this sort was the rule, however, all over Europe at the time of the colonial persecutions you speak of.

"Shillings" in America.

W. H., Crow Lake, S. D.: An English shilling is worth between 24 and 25 cents of our money. The word "shilling" is yet used in some parts of the eastern United States, having a different meaning, however, in different states. A shilling means 12½ cents in New York, Ohio, North Carolina and Michigan. It is 16⅔ cents in New England, Virginia, Kentucky and other states. It is 18¾ cents in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland; it is 21 3-7 cents in Georgia and South Carolina. There is no coin corresponding to these values; the word "shilling" is used simply to denote the value intended. The use of the word is rapidly dying out, as it should.

Leo Lesquereux.

H. M. R., Rushville, Ind.: Leo Lesquereux, the paleontologist, was born in Switzerland in 1806. From 1820 to 1834 he was principal of a college at Chaux de Fonds, but becoming deaf he gave up the place. He then worked at engraving, and also made watch springs. He had become interested in the study of mosses and fossil botany, and he was later employed by the government of Neufchatel to examine the peat-bogs of that canton, and later by the King of Prussia to explore the peat-bogs of Northern Europe. In 1848 he came to Cambridge, Mass., where he assisted Louis Agassiz for a time. He then removed to Columbus, O., where he has since lived. His most valuable researches were studies of the coal formations of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Kentucky and Arkansas. He has published more than 50 important volumes, chiefly on scientific subjects.

Old Coins.

O. L. R., Mt. Vernon, Ill.: The Bureau of the Weekly BLADE of May 28, and June 4 and 11, 1891, contained a complete list of all American coins which bear a premium. We can not reprint, nor answer queries about them.

F. W., Malta Bend, Mo.: See above answer. We can not publish addresses of people who buy old coins, as it would be free advertising. If coin dealers wish to reach BLADE readers, they must advertise in the columns at regular rates. Nor can we advertise them free by answering letters asking for such addresses.

Miscellaneous.

W. P. B., Cornsville, Va.: We do not know what states have compulsory education laws.

I. H., Avon, Wash.: In such a case you should consult a first-class physician.

N. W. T., Fort Ridgely, Minn.: M. M. Pomeroy ("Brick") is living. He resides in New York city.

Reader, Parnell City, Mo., must send his name. We will then be glad to answer his query. See Rule 1.

D. U., Granville, O.: We know of no general statistics of the percentage of deaths from typhoid fever.

M. answers F. W., Gaylord, Maine, that starch is made from potatoes in Aroostook county, Maine.

A. H., Shiloh, O.: We have not the names of the committee who drafted the Articles of Confederation in 1776.

E. J. H., Toledo, O.: Speaking of more than one person, it is better to say, they are "persons of good appetite."

E. D., Barnard, Kas., asks where "Yara" tobacco is grown. Can any one send us the desired information for publication?

L. R., Rose Centre, Mich.: To obtain Grant's Memoirs, get some bookseller to order them for you. Please note Rule 3 above.

E. M., Cairo, W. Va.: First, we do not know the lady's address; second, read Rule 3 above. Don't ask for addresses.

A. D. F., Quincy, Ill.: The passage from Longfellow means that it was a negro slave who "Sang of Zion's victory—Sang of Zion, bright and free."

C. M. P., Washington, D. C.: You probably refer to the indorsement of the scheme to pay the national bonds off in greenbacks, so as to stop the interest.

J. G. H.: Washington married a widow, Mrs. Martha Custis. Jefferson Davis married the daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor. She is still living. He was married but once.

W. N., Waldron, Ind.: At the time you mention, the laws of Ohio gave the widow of a man dying intestate one-third of his property for her life only, then to revert to his heirs.

C. K. B., Lone Pine, Wis.: The phrase, "silver-tongued orator," has been applied to hundreds of eloquent men. It has been applied to Col. Ingersoll, Henry Grady, and others, in recent years.

Cadet, Toledo, O.: To find when the next vacancy for this district in the Naval academy occurs, write to your Representative, Hon. Wm. E. Haynes, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C. A cadet's parent or guardian does not need to be a property holder.

C. G. M., Jerusalem, O.: No one but an ignoramus will ever put a postage stamp anywhere but in the upper right hand corner of a letter, because of the inconvenience and delay it causes postal clerks if placed anywhere else. Hence we will not publish any so-called "postage-stamp flirtation."

J. G. W., Clifton, Kas.: We have not time to make up a list of the noted dead of the year, with dates. It would take at least three days' steady work of one man. The best way is to take each copy of THE BLADE, clip out the notices of deaths of distinguished persons, and paste them in a book. At the end of the year you will have a valuable compend.

G. T., Norton, Kas.: "Common law" is not in the statutes. It is the result of decisions of courts for three or four hundred years. Common law is followed by the courts in those things in which there is no state law to supply to the case. If there is a Nebraska state law covering this point, it overrules the common law. The land being in Nebraska, suit will, of course, be brought in that state. Better employ a good lawyer. The case is a hard one, we will admit; but you should have bought the tax title years ago, if it could be had.

The Farmstead.

Attention, Farmstead Friends!

Every reader of the FARMSTEAD is asked to read carefully the announcement of our new story, on 4th page, this issue, and to send us lists of names to whom we may mail sample copies containing the first installment. Send the names *at once!* We want a million names immediately!

INFORMATION WANTED.

Horse Radish.

W. W. T., Missouri: Horse radish is very easily raised. The plant is propagated by cuttings from the root, either cut from the top about two inches long, or by offsets, or otherwise useless parts, from the sides of the main root, retaining the crowns or top shoots in as many parts as possible. Planting may be done two feet apart in early spring, six or eight inches from each other in the rows. Horse radish requires a soil that will retain moisture. It does not flourish well elsewhere. The soil should be of good depth. Manure with well rotted manure, plow or dig deep and pulverize well. Plant with a dibble three inches deep. Horse radish can be grown between the rows of beets or any other vegetable. When planted the top of the root should be two or three inches under the surface. The average weight of the crop is about five tons per acre. Mr. Henderson says that while preparing the roots for market in the winter, all the rootlets are preserved, cut in pieces five inches long, and put away in sand. Tied in small bundles, and a layer of sand between each bundle, they will not heat, if kept in boxes in a cool cellar, or buried in the open ground. He should be dug the same season, just before the frost closes up the ground. The editor has seen several acres of horse radish grown on semi-swamp land, that received no cultivation, and although cuttings were taken from it each year, and no replanting done, there was always a

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE TALKS ON ROYAL BLOOD.

Those Who Are Members of the Kingly House of Jesus—All the People Are His Heirs.

Dr. Talmage took his text Sunday morning from Judges viii, 18. "Each one resembled the children of a king." His subject was "Royal Blood."

Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance; "each one resembled the children of a king." I stand to-day before many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth, or patriotism, or intelligence. The name of Washington means patriotism, although some of the blood of that race has become very thin in the last generation. The family of the Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of $40,000,000 in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience; and within a few years they have loaned Russia $12,000,000, Naples $25,000,000, Austria $40,000,000, and England $300,000,000; and the stroke of their pen on the counting-room desk shakes everything from the Irish Sea to the Danube. They open their hand, and there is war; they shut it, and there is peace. The House of Hapsburg in Austria, the House of Stuart in England, the House of Bourbon in France, were families of imperial authority.

But I come to preach of a family more potential, more rich, and more extensive—the royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the cross; all of us are the children of the King.

First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princess in the ancestral lines gives luster to the family name. In our line was a king and a conqueror. The star in the east with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at his birth. From thence he started forth to conquer all nations, not by trampling them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw him on a white horse. When he returns, he will not bring the nations chained to his wheel, or in iron cages; but I hear the stroke of the hoof of the snow-white cavalcade that bring them to the gates in triumph.

Our family name takes luster from the star that heralded him, and the spear that pierced him, and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle, and the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons, and the box of alabaster that broke at his feet. The Comforter at Bethany. The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Oculist at Bethsaida. The Saviour of one world, and the Chief Joy of another. The storm his frown, the sunlight his smile. The spring morning his breath. The earthquake the stamp of his foot. The thunder the whisper of his voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of his finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love. Eternity the twinkling of his eye. The universe the flying dust of his chariot wheels. Able to heal a heart break, or hush a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immensity with his glory. What other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage?

Henceforth swing out the coat of arms! Great families were the coat of arms on their dress, on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion, or a dragon, or an eagle. Our coat of arms, worn right over the heart, hereafter shall be a Cross, a Lamb standing under it, and a Dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! Most significant of all family "coats of arms." In every battle I must have it blazing on my flag—the Dove, the Cross, the Lamb; and when I fall, wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit, and clung to the Cross, and depended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of life depend:
No! when I blush be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.

Next, I speak of the family sorrows. If trouble comes to one member of the family, all feel it. It is the custom, after the body is lowered into the grave, for all the relatives to come to the verge of the grave and look down into it. First those nearest the departed come, then those next of kin, until they have all looked into the grave. So, when trouble and grief go down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all. A company of persons join hands around an electric battery, the persons at the ends of the line touch the battery, and all the circle feels the shock. Thus, by the reason of the filial, paternal, and maternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble sets its battery, all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian family, the sorrow of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one bereaved? We are all bereaved.

Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe.

If you rejoice at another's misfortune, you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats; and the vulture of sin hath alighted on your soul, and not the Dove of the Spirit.

Next, I notice the family property. After a man of large estates dies, the relatives assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property is willed to his sons, and so much to his daughters, and so much to benevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died, and we are assembled to-day to hear the will read. He says: "My peace I give unto you." Through his apostle he says: "All are yours." What! everything? Yes, everything! This world and the next. In distinguished families there are old pictures hanging on the wall. They are called the "heirlooms" of the estate. They are very old, and have come down from generation to generation. So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heirlooms of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east. The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until skyfost. The forests are full of chirp, and buzz, and song. Tree leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey-makers in the log, and beak against the bark, and squirrels chattering on the rail, and the call of a hawk out of a clear sky, make you feel glad. The sun, which kindles conflagration among the castles of cloud, and sets minarets and dome aflame, stoops to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue. What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding his flock afield! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and the lowly! Light for the aching eyes, and burning brain and wasted captive! Light for the smooth brow of childhood, and for the dim vision of the octogenarian! Light for queen's coronet, and for sewing-girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture and hung it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family. And so the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors: and the ocean, under her glance, comes up with great tides, panting upon the beach, mingling, as if were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window-pane into the cabin; and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen, and the sea, as a mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick-cradle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heartsick, slumbering earth. Whose is this black-framed, black-tasseled picture of the night? It is the heirloom of our family. Ours, the grandeur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the odors of the garden, the harmonies of the air.

You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get an idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them—all these mountains, and the precious things hidden beneath them, and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the Alpine hurricane—all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven, and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Saviour's nativity. For us they will wheel into line, and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph in the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk, go around the Eternal City. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots, and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck twelve. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we bide our eyes, and exclaim: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." As these tides of glory rise, we have to retreat, and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness, and thanksgiving, and triumph.

What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying, in the words of the Canticles: "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away;" and one having put on thy hand the engagement ring of his love, you will be endowed with all the world of earth, and all the honors of heaven.

Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doorsill. You heard the footstep of the rain on the garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded in the brook. You threshed the orchard for apples, and the neighboring woods for nuts; and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you plainly the old homestead of eternity. In my Father's house are many mansions. When we talk of mansions, we think of Chatsworth, and its park, nine miles in circumference, and its conservatory, that astonishes the world; its galleries of art, that contain the triumphs of Chantry, Canova and Thorwaldsen; of the kings and the queens who have walked in stately halls, or, flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling places of dukes, and princes, and queens, are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars and swung the doors, and planted the parks, Angels walk there, and the food of all ages. The poorest man in the house is a millionaire, and the lowliest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem, and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the choicest flower, Victoria Regia, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast, and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet, I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are grown with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gateway are a-bloom with the century plants of eternity. The queen of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther, and Marie Antoinette, and Lady Huntingdon, and Cowper, and Jeremy Taylor, and Samuel Rutherford, and John Milton, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor men from the hospital—these last two, perhaps, outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

A family mansion means reunion. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married, and went off to St. Louis, or Chicago, or Charleston; but perhaps once in a while you get a letter at the old place. How you wake up the old piano that has been silent for years! (Father and mother do not play on it). How you bring out the old relics, and rummage the garret, and open old scrap-books, and shout, and laugh, and cry, and talk over old times, and, though you may be forty-five years of age, act as though you were sixteen! Or, some bright day, at the sitting-room window, and good-bye at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of your nursery. There will be Grace, and Mary, and Martha, and Charlie, and Lizzie, and all the darlings of your household—not pale, and sick, and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eye bright with the light of heaven, and their cheek roseate with the fluid of celestial summer.

What clasping of hands! What embracings! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! Some say: "I thought there were no tears in heaven." There must be, for the Bible says that "God shall wipe them away;" and if there were no tears there, how could he wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say: "What! child of heaven, is it too much for these? Must those break down under the weakness of this reunion? Then I will help thee." And, with his one arm around us and the other arm around our loved one, he shall hold us up in the enternal jubilee.

While I speak some of you with broken hearts can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "O blessed day! speed on. Toward thee I press with blistered feet and bleeding wounds for the gift of their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come, and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, O day of reunion! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have just once kissed Thy blessed feet I turn around to gather up the long-lost treasures of my heart. Oh! be not angry with me. One look at Thee were heaven. But all these reunions are heen-enrolling that heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven!"

I was at Mt. Vernon, and went into the dining-room in which our first President entertained the prominent men of his and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But oh! the banqueting-hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide, for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the Tree by the River gather the twelve manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards, and press them into the golden tankards for the table. On baskets carry in the Bread of which, if man eat, he shall never hunger. Take all the shot-torn flags of earthly conquest, and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp, and Gabriel with his trumpet, and Miriam with the timbrel; for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine.

And Later Came the Hills.

I always know when Autumn's here—
Oh, baneful time of life!—
For then fur-dealers' cards appear
Addressed unto my wife.
—Harper's Bazar.

The Wisdom of Silence.

Said she: "Of all the bashful chaps
He has the least to say!
Although he is a 'jay,' perhaps,
He is no poppin 'jay,' "
—Washington Star.

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At night, from baby's crib, are distracting to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the emergency. Not so with those who have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. A dose of this medicine affords certain and speedy relief. To cure colds, coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It soothes the inflamed tissue, expectorates, and induces repose. Cap. U. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children were subject."

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The Camp Fire.

Comrades, Attention!

We call the attention of all comrades to the announcement of our new story on the 4th page of this issue, and to the call for names to whom to mail sample copies. Every reader of the CAMP FIRE, we are sure will do all he can to aid us in extending THE BLADE'S circulation. Send us the names of every one who wants a good national weekly paper, and send all the names you can. They need not be all at the same postoffice. Send us lists *at once!* We want a million names!

Major Sol Street.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Dan Knight, it seems, was acquainted with Major Solomon Street, of the Confederate army. We had a little trouble with Sol in the summer of 1863, while guarding the Memphis & Charleston railroad, east of Saulsbury, Tenn. Sol placed some torpedoes on the track to throw off a passenger train, but as a wild freight came along with a regiment of infantry, Sol had to run.

Our boys were out one day trading with the citizens and making themselves agreeable to the girls. Two or three squads were at different houses. Sol divided his forces and made an attack on each house, but the boys all got away. Corporal Fenskey made a fight in the woods and captured a pack horse loaded with tobacco.

One night a citizen came running to the stockade for protection. He said Sol was around conscripting for the Confederate army. The next morning he joined our company as a recruit. His name was Sam Wilson. Sam proved to be a very good fellow. He was a good shot to begin with, and he soon learned the drill. Sam could neither read nor write but he knew how to play seven up, and was never known to refuse a game. He was very deliberate in all his motions, and a very silent man. General Grant couldn't hold a candle to him. One day Corporal Cruiser asked Sam what he joined the Y ankee army for. Sam studied a long time before he answered. Finally the reply came:

"Because I have a spite agin Sol Street, and I jined the company ter git a chance fer ter kill kim." He waited about a minute, and then said: "Tobe Reece has got a spite agin him, and atween me and Tobe, Sol Street will git his benefit."

As long as we remained around Saulsbury Sam had hopes of killing Sol; but we were ordered away at last, and June 20, 1864, found us at Memphis, Tenn. A boy came around hunting for Co. G. He said he "knowed" Sam Wilson, and had some news for him. When we called Sam up, it proved to be an old neighbor, and the news he had was that Tobe Reece had killed Sol Street. It seems that Sol had conscripted Tobe, and the boy said than down about Bolliver Tobe got the drop on Sol and killed him. Tobe was caught and the Johnnies were going to shoot him at sunrise. Two of the guards, it seemed, were on Tobe's side. They sent for a preacher and a jug of whisky, and just before daylight Tobe saw his chance, and, breaking loose, he jumped in among the horses. They couldn't shoot at Tobe without killing a horse, so they let him go. He jumped on a horse, galloped off, and joined the Union army. Wilson remained silent a long time after the boy had finished his story. Then, lighting his pipe, he smoked for a time—still silent. Finally he knocked the ashes from his pipe, put it in his pocket, and said:

Gentlemen, that lets me out. I ain't no more use for this 'wah;' but what did I tell yer? Atween me and Tobe Reece, Sol. Street would git his benefit!"

In corroboration of the boy's story about the killing of Sol Street, I find this on page 488, "Campaigns of Gen. Forrest," under date of May 4, 1864:

The Confederate general then resumed his march, and caught up with his brave, his career as a scout, on Ripley road, five miles beyond Bolivar. Here, that night, occurred the death of the somewhat conspicuous partisan, Major Solomon Street, 15th Tenn., by the hand of a personal enemy in the Confederate ranks.

And so the deliberate, silent man's prediction seems to have been verified.—JOHN P. WARD, Co. G., 122d Ills.

Echoes From Co. C.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—The very air was full of rumors after the terrible battle of Belmont. The 7th Iowa, whose valor at that sanguinary contest was on every lip, remained quiet themselves, saying very little. A sober-looking young lieutenant of the 7th was in our quarters one day looking for a friend. He listened to the restless remarks of our boys with a smile.

"Boys," said he, "take it easy; it looks now as though you will all get there in time to see the show. We saw the bear dance a bit at Belmont; but don't think for a moment we had nothing to pay; that the show is free. Take my word, you will pay, and that dearly, for seeing the bear dance."

It was only a short time after the advent of the 7th Iowa that the news come of the fall of Ft. Henry, and with it our orders to take the steamboat for the army under Grant. Our captain came hurrying into quarters, hat in hand, shouting:

"Attention, Co. C! Ft. Henry has fallen! The enemy are in full retreat, our cavalry in full pursuit. The Curtis Horse is ordered to board a steamer within an hour for the scene of action!"

There was some cheering, but our boys for the most part were earnest, thoughtful workers. In thirty minutes the company was in line, fully equipped. We sat on our horses, silently watching the preparations. Horses hurrying hither and thither, officers shouting orders, and companies wheeling into line, as they got ready. Co. G was from Minnesota, and all German. As the company was getting into line a horse tore out onto the square and came charging toward our company. On his back was an old German. I don't suppose the old chap was ever on a horse's back before in his life, as he was the company cook. His saddle was piled up with a miscellaneous collection, so it was impossible for the man to fall off. He had missed getting hold of the bridle rein when he mounted, and could not reach over the mountain of clothing tied to the pommel, his head only being seen above it. The horse stopped in front of us and complacently began eating at a bunch of straw. The horse was not frightened, but the old German on his back was too badly frightened to speak. All we could hear from him was, "Got in himmel! Got in himmel!" It was more than the boys could stand. Some one yelled out, "Whoa there!" Another repeated, until there was a perfect bedlam of "Whoas." The horse quietly munched his straw, and the old German kept up his refrain of "Got in himmel!" Presently a big German sergeant came to the cook's relief, handed him his rein, and led the horse back to his company, amid the cheers of the regiment. For a long time "Got in himmel" was a by-word in the regiment.

When we landed at Ft. Henry blood was still to be seen behind the entrenchments, showing where the rebel gunners had died by their guns. The havoc wrought by our gunboats was everywhere visible. Not even a guard was left in Ft. Henry. The army was investing Ft. Donelson. Some of the boys were still anxious for a fight, but when the great guns at Donelson commenced and the boys began to realize that those terrible guns were hurling deadly missiles at our friends, many sober faces were to be seen. Lieut. Col. Patrick was ordered to take his regiment up the river to the railroad bridge, to intercept reinforcements that were reported to be marching for Donelson, from West Tennessee. Co. C remained to guard our camp and patrol in rear of the army about Ft. Donelson, fifteen miles away, details of six to ten on a road. The regiment succeeded in capturing 1,500 recruits for the rebel army. They came upon the Johnnies just as they were crossing on the railroad bridge. A few of them retreated back the way they came, and Colonel Patrick set the bridge on fire to prevent its being used to forward reinforcements. These recruits were without arms, except, perhaps, one hundred, who were armed only with such arms as could be picked up—mostly shot guns, a few of them being the primitive flint-lock of our forefathers. They surrendered without firing a gun, though our boys carried nothing at that time but sabres and revolvers. When the regiment returned with their prisoners, about half the regiment crossed the Tennessee river to Ft. Hieman, Co. C going with those that crossed to Ft. Hieman. There were six men and a corporal, myself among them, on patrol on the roads to the south of the position taken by Thayer's Brig. One regiment was the First Nebraska infantry, among whom we had many old friends. It seemed to us then that the fighting was incessant, from the continual roar of the big guns. We were shaking hands with our infantry comrades. It was 7 or 8 o'clock, and we were just gathering around a steaming camp-kettle of coffee, cups in hand, when for the first time (for us) we were startled by the long roll. The infantry boys sprang to arms as if by magic. In less time than it takes to relate it, the splendid regiment from Nebraska was in line, Gen. John M. Thayer at their head, and moving through the woods on the run, in perfect silence. The only thing to be heard was the suppressed yet terribly audible orders of the line officers. We kept some distance in the rear of the First Nebraska, moving as they moved, by a kind of mutual consent. We had no business to be where we were, but the sight of our boys going into battle was too much for us to think of our orders. Crash came a volley of musketry. For a moment the Nebraska boys seemed to waver, then the volley was returned, and above the din of battle could be heard the clear, ringing order from Gen. Thayer: "Fix bayonets! Charge!" There was an ominous silence for the space of a minute, then the very earth seemed to tremble. But it ended in the shout of victory of Thayer's brigade. The rebel army was driven back, but we had witnessed a fearful battle. The rebel army, trying to force their way out of the besieged fort, flushed with victory, was what Thayer met and hurled back. The Nebraska regiment here received and nobly sustained their "baptism of fire." History, in this battle, gives our Nebraska boys their just dues. Nate Russell was then in his element, chasing stragglers. The straggler had no friend, but very often they were brave, true men. For instance, a part of an Illinois regiment, the 22d, was on picket away over on the right, on the margin of a cedar thicket. They were set upon by the rebel cavalry, and driven through the woods. Were these men to blame for endeavoring to find their way to their regiment? Some ten of them threw away their arms, but I never could find an excuse for a soldier throwing away his gun. One of these we overhauled. He had neither coat, hat nor arms, except his bayonet. Nate commenced to badger the boy, asking: "Soldier, what's your game?" I saw the chap was simply demoralized. He had been driven and lost his hat and gun. I saw there was plenty of fight in him yet. He asked if I could tell him where he would be likely to find the 22d Ills. Regt. The firing having stopped entirely, we told the boy, as near as possible, where we saw Thayer's boys lock horns with the Johnnies. He studied a bit, and then said, kind of doubtfully: "Why, durn it, I don't seem to remember where the Nebraska boys were located, I guess I will take my chances." And he started off, as Nate said, in the right direction to find nothin' or nobody. We arrived at Ft. Henry about dark, but for two or three hours the great guns at Donelson had kept up a constant roar that did not cease until far into the night.—DAN KNIGHT.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Bushwhackers Had Long Guns.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In August, 1861, the regiment to which I belonged was stationed at Mason City, W. Va. We had been drilling since June 1, and we began to think that we could crush the rebellion ourselves. We were growing restless and eager to move to the front. At last the time came for a move. We had not yet drawn any of Uncle Sam's "blue," so you can imagine what an appearance we made in our citizens' clothes, of all styles and colors. Our colonel was informed by some home guards from Jackson Court House, the county seat of Jackson county, that there were five hundred bushwhackers moving on the town, and that the colonel should come at once in order to save the city and the Union people there. Our colonel, J. A. J. Lightburn, gave orders to prepare for action at once. The distance from Mason City to Jackson Court House was twenty-five or thirty miles, and we reached the city about dusk; but found no Johnnies, but much excitement. Our colonel ordered us to take quarters in a couple of vacant houses. We crowded into the houses and laid down to sleep, but as we were somewhat crowded, Comrade Elwood Davis and myself concluded that we would slip out and hunt more comfodious quarters. We found a house unoccupied, and after looking around selected the best room, prepared our bed and laid down to sleep. Being tired we soon were wrapped in sweet slumber. The roar of a cannon would hardly have aroused us. But about midnight a report reached our colonel that 500 bushwhackers were rapidly marching on the little city. The long roll was beaten and the officers yelled out, "Fall in!" but Comrade Davis and I still slept. The regiment moved out the county road until it reached a good position, there they formed a line of battle, and there they remained in line, guns in hand, eagerly watching for the approach of the Johnnies. Just about daybreak the colonel sent a commander, named Suesberry back towards the town, in order to ascertain whether there were any rebs in sight. About this time, also, Comrade Davis and I had awakened from our slumber, and the first thing we did was to go to the buildings in which we had left the regiment, but to our great surprise we found the men had gone, and we knew not where. We could not tell whether the bushwhackers had captured them, or they had captured the bushwhackers, but we concluded to venture out the road some distance, looking all the time for bushwhackers. Finally we discovered a man advancing toward us, and as he reached an elevated piece of ground we concluded that he was a rebel, and leveled our old United States muskets at him. About the same time the supposed rebel discovered us; and then what tall running! The man proved to be Suesberry, whom the colonel had sent out to reconnoiter. He ran back to the regiment and reported to the colonel that the bushwhackers were coming, and that their guns were twice as long as ours. We waited and watched until after sun-up, then we ventured further out the road, looking cautiously about in every direction. Finally we discovered a line in ambush near the road, recognized our colonel, and reported to him. He asked where we had been, and if we had seen any rebels. We told him we had seen one and were in the act of firing, when he started and ran so fast that we could not shoot him. The colonel and the boys then began to laugh, and told Suesberry that we were the rebs that had such long guns. We returned to Mason City somewhat tired, but brave and full of experience, we thought. But I found out better before February 23, 1865. Hope some of my comrades of the 4th W. Va. Vol. Inft. will see this, and let themselves be heard at the Camp Fire.—WILLIAM EDMONDS, Co. C, 4th W. Va. Inft.

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My Desire.

I want to be a singer
And in the choir loft stand,
To slumber with the sermon
Or hold the alto's hand.
—[N. Y. Herald.

For Coughs and Throat Disorders use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. "Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began by thinking well of."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* Sold only in boxes.

The Sunday School.

The Risen Christ and His Disciples.

LESSON XII., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1891.

Golden Text: If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.—Col. 3:1.

LESSON TEXT.
(John 21:1-14.)

1. After these things Jesus showed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias; and on this wise shewed he himself.

2. There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas called Didymus, and Nathanael of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two of his disciples.

3. Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee. They went forth, and entered into a ship immediately; and that night they caught nothing.

4. But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew that it was Jesus.

5. Then Jesus said unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No.

6. And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.

7. Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him, (for he was naked,) and did cast himself into the sea.

8. And the other disciples came in a little ship, (for they were not far from land, but as it were two hundred cubits,) dragging the net with fishes.

9. As soon then as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread.

10. Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.

11. Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes, a hundred and fifty and three: and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken.

12. Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord.

13. Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise.

14. This is now the third time Jesus shewed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

After these things Jesus manifested himself again to the disciples; and he manifested himself on this wise (v. 1). Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday and to-day, yea and forever;" but his disciples are not. They change, and with every change on their part there comes to them the possibility of a new manifestation of the unchanging Saviour,—a manifestation which could not have been the same to them at any time before. It is after the hour of severest sorrow and bitterest bereavement and uttermost sense of loneliness that Jesus Christ manifests himself anew in a hitherto unrecognizable loveliness and power to any disciple of his who is going on in his daily work with a sense of hopeless need.

The disciples knew not that it was Jesus (v. 4.) How common a thing it is for disciples of Jesus not to know Jesus when he comes to give them needed help. We do not always know our best earthly friends. Perhaps we even distrust, or hold aloof, or hesitate to confide in, one who might well be accepted by us confidently as the very friend we need and long for. Yet more often we fail to realize that it is Jesus who stands near us in an hour of peril or of doubt; and we even shrink back from him who is more than able and ready to meet the uttermost longings of our soul. It may, indeed, be said that the disciples of Jesus are more likely to fail of recognizing his presence when they are to welcome it as they should. All of us have a good deal in common with the original apostles,—in their shortcomings. There is no doubt of apostolic succession in the church.—so far.

Jesus saith, Children, have ye aught to eat? (v. 5.) The risen Jesus has an interest in the everyday work of his disciples. If they are fishermen, he is interested in their catch of fish. If they are farmers, he is interested in their crops. If they are traders, he is interested in their buying and selling. If they are day-laborers anywhere, he is interested in the question of their wages and in the length of their day's work. When Jesus stood on the shore of Galilee in the early morning, and saw his loved disciples discouraged over an empty boat after an all night fishing, his first show of interest was in the line of their success as fishermen. He told them where to fish, and then and it was through this loving interest in their daily work that Jesus found a new entrance to the hearts of his discouraged disciples. Jesus is the same to-day as then. The cause of his disciples is his cause. Whatever we do ought to be done as for Jesus; and whatever is done for Jesus has the loving interest of Jesus.

Cast the net on the right side of the boat, and ye shall find (v. 6). Even when the Lord would work a miracle for his disciples, he has a work for them to do in carrying out the details of his plan; and he gives explicit direction as to what they are to do, and how Jesus might have spoken the word which should have made a hundred and fifty-three fishes jump out of the sea into the boat of the disciples; but that is not the Lord's way of helping his disciples. The Lord might have sprinted all the Hebrew host out of Egypt and over the desert through mid-air into Canaan; but that is not God's way of carrying out his plans for his children here on earth. Jesus might heal all diseases without laying it upon his followers to use "oil," or Siloam water, or other medicine, as a means to be blessed by him to a cure; but that is not the way of the Lord in his wonder-working. Faith in Christ is shown in a prompt and faithful use of the means disclosed to us in God's word and providences, not in leaving it to him to do our part as well as his.

They see a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon. Jesus saith, Bring of the fish which ye have now taken (vs. 9, 10). Jesus had no need of the disciples' help in providing fish for his breakfast or for theirs; but ask their aid just as if he did need it. If they had refused to bring the fish, he would have been no loser; but the loss would have been theirs. So it is always in every sphere of Christian activity. Jesus never needs service; but Jesus constantly calls for service. The gain, through responding to that call, or the loss through refusing, is to the disciple, not to the Master. Jesus can get on without your money or your services in the Sunday-school, in the church, in the community about you, or in the missionary field; but you cannot get on as you might if you refuse your help in any one of these fields. Jesus asks for a share of all the fish you catch, of all the crops you gather, of all the money you get, of all the time and strength you have. If you refuse to render it to him, the loss is yours.

For all there were so many, the net was not rent (v. 11). A net will stand a great strain when it is used in the Lord's service. Disciples of Jesus need have no fear that the agencies and implements at their disposal will be insufficient for the reception of the biggest blessing that the Lord chooses to give them. Even if there are no more sittings available in the church building, or in the Sunday school, there is no need of holding back from giving free invitations to others to hear or to study the word of God. The missionary treasury boxes will not burst with any increased income that obedience to Christ's commands has poured into them. And a very limited intellect will be in no danger of harm through any unlooked-for increase of wisdom or grace, as a result of doing just as the Lord directs.—[H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.

Smokeless Powder Not Noiseless.

The recoil of a rifle employing smokeless powder is said to be not so great as with ordinary powder, while the sound, though sharper and higher pitched, cannot be heard so far away.

Subject to a Machine.

Dr. Pinal, of Paris, bases an argument against the widely accepted theory of animal magnetism on the fact that hypnotic patients obey words spoken by a phonograph quite as readily as those spoken by a person.

The loss of flesh is a trifle. You think you need not mind it.

But, if you go on losing for some time or lose a good deal in a short time, you are running down. Is that a trifle?

Get back to your healthy weight and generally you get back to health.

A book on CAREFUL LIVING will tell you what it is to get there, and when Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is useful. Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

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BOTTLED Electricity cures Catarrh, Colds, etc. Address LITTLE & Co., Chicago, Ill.

LADY Agents $5 a day SURE; new rubber undergarment. Mrs. N. B. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN Wanted; salaries and expenses paid; experience not necessary. Brown Bros. Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

YOUNG PEOPLE—Would you earn $15 to $20 every week at HOME? We will tell you how. Write at once. THE NOVELTY T. W. CO., Oswego, N. Y.

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FREE 1000 WATCHES To agents who will introduce our Watches and Jewelry we will give a Watch Free. Send your address at once and be convinced. WM. WILLIAMS, 121 Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill.

More Money is Made every year by Agents working for us than by any other company. Why don't you make some of it? Our circulars which we send Free will tell you how. We will pay salary or commission and furnish outfit and team free to every agent. We want you now. Address Standard Silver Ware Co., Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

50 Envelopes, your name and address in corner, by mail, 25c. Schaff, Printer, Chambersburg, Pa.

IF you wish to advertise anything anywhere at any time write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce st., N. Y.

SEND for free catalogue of Books of Amusements, Speakers, Dialogues, Gymnastics, Calisthenics, Fortune Tellers, Dream Books, Debates, Letter Writers, etc. Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann st. N. Y.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Ear Cushions. Whisper heard. Successful when all remedies

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1891.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 116,000.

A NOVEL OFFER.

On the fifth page of this issue will be found the picture of THE BLADE souvenir tea spoon, the cut showing the back of the spoon, containing a fac simile of the famous sword, made in Toledo, Spain, and presented to the late D. R. LOCKE, by the Spanish Centennial Commissioners to the Philadelphia Exposition, in 1876. The front of the spoon bears the "Buckeye" of Ohio, and in the bowl is a fine bas-relief of the Toledo Memorial Hall, the first building ever erected in honor of the soldiers who fell during the rebellion. The spoon, same size as shown in the cut, is made of heavy solid sterling silver, and will last forever. Its regular retail price is $2.50. To any one sending us five subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and five dollars, we will send them one of these elegant spoons post paid. Or we will send a spoon and the Weekly BLADE one year on receipt of $3.00. Or the spoon alone for $2.50. These teaspoons will make beautiful Christmas presents. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

AS TO WEEKLY CIRCULATION.

A claim without figures made in *Printer's Ink* a short time ago that the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* had the largest circulation of any weekly-to-a-daily newspaper in the United States has started a discussion as to the actual figures of some of the big weeklies. The New York *World* of November 25 says:

The question of largest circulation of any weekly-to-a-daily having been raised by *Printer's Ink*, half a dozen have entered for the crown, but not one of them thus far has given any figures of circulation. It is all talk. The Weekly *World* makes no claim of any kind, but it prints herewith the actual figures of its weekly circulation for the ten months of 1891, and the claimants to the crown who cannot make a better showing should stop any further cheap talk:

WEEKLY WORLD'S CIRCULATION FOR TEN MONTHS PAST.			
102,600	105,200	112,500	113,400
102,800	109,100	114,900	115,300
102,700	105,600	111,200	113,400
102,810	106,950	112,020	114,655
103,000	109,550	112,000	114,800
103,760	109,700	112,610	114,300
103,000	109,000	112,800	115,700
104,100	111,000	111,100	115,150
104,300	110,800	111,850	115,480
104,850	111,900	111,760	116,000
104,500	112,100	113,900	117,480

The total circulation of the weekly *World* for the past forty-three weeks was 4,736,750 copies, or an average of 110,156 weekly. Specimen copies have been sent only on application. No campaign editions have been published; no special editions have been sold during these ten months, and the variation from the average of the highest and lowest circulation for any one of 43 weeks of the year has been only 7,000 copies. These figures and all subscription books and reports are open at any time to investigation by any one. The average circulation of the Weekly *World* during 1890 was 102,000, and for 1891 will probably reach 112,000, unless it gets another setback similar to that of last winter, when all canvassing for new subscribers was stopped by removal to the new building. Any weekly-to-a-daily is welcome to this space and column to let the readers of the *World* know its circulation, and if its circulation exceeds that of the *World* the latter will congratulate it and feel no jealousy. But until a newspaper is willing to give the figures of its bona fide circulation when such common sense will laugh at any claim to the "highest circulation."

The *World* is not entitled to the crown after all, for the Weekly BLADE'S circulation for the 52 weeks ending last Thursday amounted to 5,888,000 copies, or an average of 113,211 copies weekly. The following table gives the actual circulation of the Weekly BLADE during the year ended last Thursday:

105,000	112,000	112,000	119,000
106,000	111,000	112,000	120,000
106,000	112,000	112,000	120,000
109,000	111,000	112,000	120,000
109,000	112,000	112,000	120,000
107,000	112,000	112,000	120,000
108,000	113,000	112,000	119,000
111,000	112,000	112,000	118,000
111,000	112,000	113,000	118,000
111,000	112,000	114,000	118,000
112,000	113,000	115,000	117,000
112,000	112,000	116,000	118,000
112,000	112,000	117,000	118,000
Total			5,888,000
Average			113,211

These figures show the number of Weekly BLADES sent to paid up subscribers.

We publish no special boom editions. We believe these figures show that THE BLADE is entitled to the crown spoken of by the *World*.

Certainly there is no other newspaper in the country that has had so large a circulation for so many consecutive years, as there has not been a single week since 1879 when THE BLADE'S figures dropped below 100,000 copies. In campaign years THE BLADE runs up to 200,000 or more per week.

The average for the year given above shows that during the past five years the weekly BLADE'S circulation has been steadily increasing, and next year it will be larger than ever.

In this connection it may not be amiss to say that advertisers are always at liberty to visit our mail room, or take any other method they desire to convince themselves of the fact that the Weekly BLADE has, and for years has had, the largest circulation of any weekly to a daily newspaper in the United States.

PROTECTION causes Germany to prosper, despite the tremendous burden imposed on her by her military system, the false assertions of free traders to the contrary. The British minister at Berlin, who is certainly good authority for free traders, in an official report to the English Foreign office, says:

The number of work people in Germany has increased about 5 per cent annually since 1882, and is now estimated to reach 7,000,000. Since 1883 a general rise in wages has taken place in most German industrial districts, and amounts to between 10 and 25 per cent, while the cost of the necessaries of life has decreased.

That amounts to a demonstration of the value of protection. Clip out the article, and ask the free trade theorists how they account for it.

REV. DR. TALMAGE, on last Sunday, delivered a sermon which he preached in 1878, from the same text, and which is included in his printed sermons. A studious auditor recognized it, and told TALMAGE of it. The latter denied the allegation, but remarked that it was of no importance, any how. Certainly. If TALMAGE can stand it, the rest of us can.

IF any one wishes an illustration of the old truth that the Democratic party can always be trusted to make a fool of itself whenever an opportunity offers, all he has to do is to note the Speakership contest.

NEW YORK now has three Senators at Washington.

PROHIBITION IN CHICAGO.

In the matter of the "prohibited districts" in the annexed district to the city of Chicago, whose status THE BLADE discussed some weeks ago, the Illinois state Supreme court has just handed down a decision which is of the greatest interest in connection with this matter? The saloon interests of Chicago, in their desperate efforts to overcome the obstacle which these prohibited districts placed in their way to the obtaining of absolute control of the whole city, carried the legal battle up to that tribunal. The decision is a complete triumph for prohibition.

The opinion of the court is unanimous. It upholds completely the validity of the old prohibition ordinances in Hyde Park and other prohibited districts, the language of the decision on this point being as follows:

By passing a general ordinance on the subject the municipal authorities may determine when, to whom, and under what circumstances licenses may be granted, and if such ordinance is not unreasonable the power of the executive officers of the municipality to issue licenses will thereafter be controlled and measured by its terms. If no discretion is reserved in relation to the number or location of the dramshops to be licensed, then none can be exercised, and the duty becomes mandatory upon the executive officers to issue licenses to all applicants who comply with the prescribed terms.

If, on the other hand, a discretion is reserved as to the number or location of the dramshops to be licensed such discretion may be exercised by the officers charged with the duty of issuing the licenses, and if the ordinance restricts the location of dramshops to certain portions of the municipal territory, said officers have no power to issue licenses except in obedience to said restrictions.

It follows also from this that the board of Aldermen of Chicago is clothed with full power to establish prohibition districts of varying areas within the city's territory; it also has the power to forbid the granting of licenses to saloons in the vicinity of churches or schools; and it can limit the total number of saloons to be licensed within the city to 5,000, or 2,000, or 1,000, or any other number it may see proper, as is now done under the Brooks law in Pennsylvania.

Furthermore, the state Supreme court holds that no person is deprived of any right by such exercise of power by the city board of Aldermen in limiting the number of saloons. The decision says:

The refusal to license dramshops deprives no man of any personal or property right, but merely deprives him of a privilege which it is in the power or discretion of the municipal authorities to grant or withhold.

This is merely a carrying out of the decision of the United States Supreme court in the celebrated California case, which declared that no one possessed an inherent right to sell Rum, because of the unnecessary nature of the traffic, and the debasing effects of intemperance upon the people at large. That tribunal held, it is to be remembered, that the state has the full power to restrict, tax, license or prohibit the traffic—to deal with it, in fact, as it may seem proper. As to the power thus lodged in the board of Aldermen, the Chicago *Tribune* says:

The power of the Chicago aldermen over the saloon question is clearly defined in this decision. They are told that if they wish to make half a dozen or a dozen blocks anywhere in the city a prohibition district they can do so, and no man is injured by being refused a saloon license therein. Why will not the aldermen from wards whose people want dramshops located among them comply with the request of aldermen from wards whose inhabitants do not want dramshops for the asking? Should they do so, and they refuse to do it they imitate the policy of the prohibitionists, and deny "home rule."

The "drys" go on the theory that a neighborhood whose residents do not want saloons has the right to drive another neighborhood of them, though all its residents have a consuming desire for them. If the aldermen from the hard-drinking wards proceed to act on that authority in good faith, and force those who do not want saloons to have them, they will find that the legislature will intervene, and order them to make prohibition districts where a majority of the people demand it. The will of the majority must be respected.

If the saloon aldermen are wise they will not wait for that to be done, but will permit the districts and sections of the city which may desire to rid themselves of dramshops in their midst. If this policy is once entered on it will not be long before several wards will be free from dramshops except on perhaps three or four thoroughfares. The business districts the sections which have great public travel will probably continue to abound with drinking places; and they will also be found in the wards settled by the immigrants from Europe whose customs tolerate, invite and require dramshops.

But the total number of saloons will be reduced considerably, especially in the American residence neighborhoods, and the city will find that the happier and better for an adjustment of the location of dramshops on the lines of local wishes. A vast number of men who have no objection to saloons in the business portion of the city have a deep repugnance to the presence of dramshops in the vicinity of their homes, school-houses, and churches.

Every enemy of the saloon will rejoice to see the gradual extrication of the liquor question from the meshes of legal entanglements. The Supreme court decisions in the California cases marked the end of the era in which the power of the law could be invoked, in most cases, to protect the Rum traffic. That abolished forever the pleas that a saloon pursues a legitimate and necessary business, and recognized fully its debasing and demoralizing effects upon the community. It declared that the saloon exists merely by sufferance, not of right; and that the people of the state may do whatever they will with it, without any remedy or recourse on the part of the persons engaged in it.

This state of things, then, reduces the liquor problem to a very simple basis. The one thing, the only thing, for the friends of temperance to do, is to educate the masses of the people out of their present condition of tolerance and of support of the saloons, and up to the point that a solid majority will join in the movement to suppress the saloon, with all its degrading associations; abolish the Rum traffic, the source of so much misery, poverty, vice and crime; and thus forever effectually

Pulverize the Rum Power.

DOM PEDRO DEAD.

Dom PEDRO, the ex-Emperor of Brazil, is dead. He was 66 years of age on December 2, thus passing that annual milestone but two days. His life has been an eventful one. Called to the throne of Brazil by the abdication of his father when he was but six years of age, he was crowned emperor of Brazil on July 18, 1841, in his sixteenth year. Two years ago the revolution in Brazil unseated him, and he has since lived in Europe.

He was one of the most enlightened monarchs of the nineteenth century, a liberal patron of literature, art and science, and of every branch of industry and commerce. Brazil flourished under his rule, and it is the most striking testimony that could be given of the steady growth of republican sentiment that the Brazilians should have deposed so wise and so liberal a monarch to establish a republic. It was not Dom PEDRO personally who was the object of the movement, but the monarchy itself.

THE destitution in Russia is appalling. Thirty million men, women and children are slowly starving, compelled to eat the bark of trees instead of bread, and 15,000 of them reported as dying in one night! In the midst of our plenty we should remember them, and send of our abundance to save them.

CAMPBELL, the man who ran for governor against MCKINLEY, says the Democrats can carry Ohio next year on the tariff issue. Amend the statement by substituting "Republicans" for "Democrats," and it will be true.

CALVIN S. BRICE will always have a stain on his name, no matter how the Senate passes on his seating.

Vote Quickly!

For We Shall Soon Close the Polls on Republican Presidential Preferences.

Vote quickly, for the time is drawing on rapidly when we must bring our vote on Presidential preferences to a close. We shall be glad to have several thousand more votes. Plase note the following suggestions:

We want only preferences for the *Republican* nomination.

We ask for first and second choice for the *Presidency*. We are not collecting preferences for Vice President, for that nomination is always made on geographical grounds. If the President is from the East, a Western man is nominated for Vice President, and *vice versa*.

You can send your vote in a letter, if you are writing to us on any other subject; but use a separate slip of paper, and be sure to put your name and address on it, or the person in charge of the vote can not use it.

We can say with entire truth that no newspaper in the United States was more influential in the campaign of 1888, than the Toledo BLADE; and we propose making it even more conspicuous as an advocate of Republicanism in next year's conflict. We believe that a vote given by the immense constituency of The Weekly BLADE, which goes to every state in the Union, will be most valuable as showing the drift of public opinion regarding this matter. We ask, therefore, every reader of THE BLADE to send us his views. Take a postal card and answer upon it.

Write, 1, the name of your first choice for the Republican Presidential nomination;

2, the name of your second choice for the same office;

Sign your name, with your postoffice address and put nothing else upon the card. Address it simply "THE BLADE, Toledo, O." The card will then appear thus:

SMITHVILLE, N. C., Nov. 5, 1891.
1.—Here put 1st choice.
2.—Here put 2d choice.
HENRY W. JOHNSON.

We wish every voter who reads THE BLADE to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country.

Send us your postal card at once!

THE HOMESTEAD LAW A REPUBLICAN MEASURE.

The death of GEORGE WHEATON ALLEN, the father of the homestead land law, from which fact he was familiarly referred to as "Land-bill" ALLEN, recalls the fact that the policy of that measure was a bitterly contested issue between the two political parties of the land. The homestead question and the tariff question were important issues before the people in the years immediately preceding the civil war, though this fact is almost lost sight of in the greater prominence of the slavery question, and the tremendous war which its discussion brought upon the nation.

The homestead measure, as originated by Mr. ALLEN, was practically that which was enacted into law early in LINCOLN'S administration—the granting of 160 acres out of the public lands to any actual settler who should reside thereon five years, and cultivate the land. The Republican party advocated this, as it did a protective tariff, in the campaign of 1860, which resulted in the election of Mr. LINCOLN to the Presidency. It may be of interest to quote the two planks of the Republican platform of that year referring to these two measures:

PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

12.—That, while providing revenue for the support of the general government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imposts as to encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country; and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the workingmen liberal wages, to agriculture remunerative prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor and enterprise, and to the public commercial prosperity and independence.

HOMESTEADS.

13.—That we protest against any sale or alienation to others of the public lands held by actual settlers, and against any view of the homestead policy which regards the settlers as paupers or suppliants for public bounty; and we demand the passage by Congress of the complete and satisfactory homestead measure which has already passed the House.

The bill referred to in the concluding sentence above was Mr. ALLEN'S measure; and it was passed by the Congress chosen at the election of 1860. There is no longer any question as to the propriety of that measure. No intelligent man in all this broad land but recognizes its great value in the rapid development of the mighty agricultural empire of the West and Northwest. That was a cardinal principle of the Republican party in 1860, while the Democrats were opposing it bitterly, and stigmatizing men who would accept land upon such terms as "paupers" and "suppliants for the bounty of the government," and urging that the measure would create states whose entire population would be upon the level of the inmates of county poor houses.

The tariff question was also an issue then, and the success of the Republican party led to the enactment of the Morrill tariff law; and since that time protection has been the policy of the federal government. That policy has done for our industrial development what the homestead land law did for our agricultural development. The two have been the prime factors in the enormous progress the country has made in the thirty-one years since 1860.

No stronger showing can possibly be made than the result of these two measures in favor of the soundness of the national policy of the Republican party, and against the narrow, bigoted and illogical policy which has always dominated the Democratic party in regard to national affairs. The homestead question is no longer an issue; the tariff question is, but it should not be. Its results ought to convince every broad-minded man that protection should be the settled, definitive policy of the United States, and the man who opposes it should be recognized for what he really is—the enemy of his country's best interests.

SEND US NAMES!

We want a million names of persons who do not take THE BLADE, to whom we can send sample copies. We are receiving dozens of lists every day, but it takes a good many of them, even when they contain 100 to 200 names, to make a million. Send at once, that we may mail them copies with the first instalment of the new story.

THE United States should take some steps to obtain from the Pacific railroads the amounts owing by them to itself. The report of the secretary of the Interior gives the total—principal and interest—of what is owed by each road to the government. The figures are:

Union Pacific	$ 51,761,308 17
Central Pacific	33,627,619 29
Sioux City and Pacific	3,854,621 99
Central branch Union Pacific	8,414,170 70
Total	$112,512,613 06

THE SPEAKERSHIP CONTEST.

The stubborn battle for the Speakership nomination has attracted the attention of the whole country, because it was something more than a mere struggle between two leaders for a high official position. It involved the course of the Democratic majority in the House on partisan legislature at this session, and the position of the Democratic party of the nation in its next year's platform on the two leading political issues on which the Presidential contest will turn—the tariff and the currency questions.

That is what the rival candidacies of MILLS and CRISP meant. Each represented a line of policy—the one rampantly extreme, the other straddlingly conservative. The candidacies of SPRINGER, MCMILLIN and HATCH meant nothing in particular but their personal ambitions. Their following in the Democratic caucus was, in each aspirant's case, made up of two parts: first, personal friends, anxious for success, who remained in line hoping the battle of the giants between MILLS and CRISP would end by the selection of a dark horse—which they hoped their candidate would become; second, Democrats who cautiously preferred not to plunge into the thick of the real struggle—who did not wish to be compelled to make choice between the opposing men or policies there represented, until victory should be in the act of perching on the banner of one or the other of the contestants.

MILLS and CRISP represent the two wings into which Democracy is split on the tariff and the silver question, and consequently were the representatives of rival candidates for their party's Presidential nomination next year. MILLS is the radical, the extremist; CRISP, the conservative, the straddler.

MILLS stood for the extreme free traders among the Democracy—the men of the HURD and HARTER type, who believe in admitting those foreign products free of duty which compete with ours, and in raising the necessary revenues by heavy duties on foreign non-competing products. They would admit manufactures of cotton, woolen and iron free, and impose duties on coffee, sugar and tea; they would let the grain of Winnepeg and Manitoba, the barley and oats of Ontario and Quebec, come in to fill the elevators of Duluth, Minneapolis, Chicago, Toledo, Buffalo and other ports, in competition with the grain of our Western farmers, and impose heavy duties upon those articles that we can not and do not produce. As to silver, this faction proposes to keep that question in abeyance. It wants to fight the battle of 1892 on the tariff alone, without distracting public attention with any other issue. "Tariff reform"—with the interpretation given above—is its warcry, and GROVER CLEVELAND is its [stuffed] prophet. MILLS stands for free trade in competing articles; the revenue to be raised by duties on non-competing ones (sugar, tea and coffee, etc.); and for GROVER CLEVELAND as next year's candidate.

CRISP represents the Democrats who fear to go before the people with so radical a programme. They desire to ring the changes next year as "McKinley prices" and "the billion Congress;" to pass a bill through the present House simply repealing the new tariff law, and to go before the country on that issue. They propose to divide public attention by bringing the silver question to the front, to demand the repeal of the present silver law, and the re-enactment of the Bland-Allison law, which was practically repealed by the silver law of 1890. Their programme is to go as far as they can on the tariff without antagonizing the moderate tariff Democrats, as far as they dare toward free silver without antagonizing the honest-money Democrats of the East. That means the dropping of CLEVELAND as a Presidential quantity, and seeking a new candidate in HILL or some one else.

It is obvious, however, that the triumph of CRISP by so narrow a margin has settled nothing. The forces were too evenly divided. The bickering between the factions will go on, naturally increasing in bitterness, through the entire Congressional session. The radicals of the MILLS type will endeavor to pass a tariff bill, embodying their ideas, for capital in next year's campaign. The other wing will oppose this, and endeavor to have a simple repeal of the so-called McKinley law. The former will try to ignore silver; the latter will try to pass a silver measure with the provisions indicated above. And the final battle between the factions will be postponed until the Democratic National convention next year.

After a quarter of a century of wandering in the wilderness, the Democratic party in 1884 elected as President of the United States Grover Cleveland, of New York. That gentleman represented a great principle and the hopes, wishes and anticipations of a great party. Irrespective of political affiliation, every American wants to be informed as to the life and career of the men who have been chosen to the high office of President of the United States. Such information is not afforded them by the costly *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for the last President of whom that work has official knowledge was Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee.

But the Revised Encyclopædia is built on a different plan. It finds space to tell of Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and the present incumbent of the executive chair. It is not circumscribed by narrow bounds of insular prejudice nor by idiotic rules forbidding the mention of even names of living men. It is new, broad, modern, reliable, full, complete—the best work of reference of the century and at the same time the cheapest. Read the liberal offer THE BLADE makes for this splendid work, on the 7th page.

A SHIPMENT of 20 tons of pure block tin, from the mines in the state of Durango, Mexico, owned by the Pittsburg and Mexican Mining company, is on the road to Pittsburg, to be used there in the manufacture of bright tin plate. But the free trade tin-plate liars won't mention it.

THE Tammany tiger seems to have a large mouthful of Cleveland adipose tissue.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We have not offered a sewing machine in connection with the Weekly BLADE for three years past. There has, however, been a constant demand, and we long since saw the importance of getting one to use with the Weekly BLADE, but until now have been unable to find one good enough. But we have succeeded at last. We now have the best sewing machine ever offered with a paper, and one as good as the highest-priced machine ever put upon the market.

This machine is new, simple and perfect. It has a high arm, and every convenience for rapid and effective work found in any other machine now on the market. In point of fact, we believe it is not only equal to, but in advance of all others. We could not afford to offer it to our subscribers if it were not the best.

We might have made this announcement a little earlier, but we deemed it best to wait until everything was in perfect order, and we were ready to ship machines as soon as the order was received, thus avoiding all delay. We are now prepared to ship 50 machines per day, and by the holidays will undoubtedly have to do so.

The rate at which we offer it—$18 for the new Blade Sewing Machine and one copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year—is $4 cheaper than any machine offered with any other newspaper. Yet we are certain that our machine is worth double any other newspaper machine.

The most remarkable part of our offer is, that we give a machine free for 30 yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, accompanied by $30. We do not require these these names all to be sent in at once. They may be sent us in installments, each part numbered consecutively. As soon as we have received 30 names and $30, we will immediately ship the machine.

It will be found extremely easy for any young lady, wife or mother to raise a club of 30 names at a dollar each, in a week or ten days' time. We also call the attention of charitable organizations to the fact that they can thus easily put a machine into the hands of any poor, worthy seamstress, too many of whom, unfortunately, are to be found in any community.

Everything about the new Blade Sewing Machine will be found exactly as represented in the advertisement given elsewhere. If it does not prove so after you get the machine, all you need do is notify us that the machine is not satisfactory. We shall then order it returned and refund the money, unless you desire us to send another in its place. Hence a subscriber is at positively no risk whatever.

We are selling this machine without any profit whatever, simply in the interest of increasing the subscription list to the Weekly BLADE. While the offer of the machine for 30 names and $30 will only net us a small amount for each subscription to the paper—much less than the cost—yet we hope for hundreds of such orders. We would much sooner sell the machine in that way than to single subscribers. Send in your orders at once!

SUSTAINING SPEAKER REED.

The Democratic party of the country kept up a hideous howl during the entire period covered by the sessions of the last Congress, over Speaker REED'S rulings, especially the noted one that a member who is in the House is to be counted as present, whether he votes or not. It is difficult to see how any other practice obtained among sensible men. To count a man absent because he refuses to cast his vote is sheer nonsense.

But the Democrats made as much lamentation over Mr. REED'S commonsense ruling as if it were an act of unbearable despotism, of the most odious tyranny. The absurdity of this has led Mr. THEODORE STANTON to make inquiries as to the practice of the legislative bodies of other nations, and he has summarized the results of his investigation in a most interesting article in the December number of the *North American Review*.

Of the French Chamber of Deputies, corresponding to our House of Representatives, M. HENRI BRISSON, for four years its president, informs Mr. STANTON that "the president of the chamber has always held, at least in principle, that he had a right to count, in order to obtain a quorum, the deputies present at the moment that a ballot was taken, whether they voted or not." That distinguished parliamentarian, JULES GREVY, also held the same view, and other French authorities sustain it.

Herr VON LEVETZOW, president of the German Reichstag, writes to Mr. STANTON concerning the practice in that body: "If during this roll-call (on the passage of a bill) it should happen that a member present on the floor does not respond to his name, he would undoubtedly be counted with the other members, if noticed by the functionaries."

In Switzerland, a recent President of the Swiss confederation says: "With us each chamber may deliberate legally when one more than half the members are present. But every ballot is binding when it is a majority of those voting."

In Belgium, Mr. STANTON finds that every member present on the floor of the house when a ballot is taken is obliged to take part in it, or is required to give his reasons for not voting.

In Denmark, the common practice conforms to Speaker REED'S ruling, though the constitution declares that neither house shall sit unless a majority is present and voting.

In Norway, members who absent themselves from the Chamber are punished by a fine of from $110 to $1,110; and therefore obstruction by a minority is impossible. In Sweden no quorum is necessary for the transaction of business, so that the question cannot arise.

In reply to Mr. STANTON'S query, the president of the Holland chamber says every member is forced to answer when his name is called.

In Portugal no deputy may be excused from voting if he is present at the moment commences.

Hence the practice in Europe conforms fully to Speaker REED'S common-sense ruling, and upholds the right of the presiding officer to keep a factious minority from blocking the wheels of legislation by simply refusing to vote. Mr. REED'S practice will be followed hereafter in the United States, without doubt.

THE official figures of the New York state election give the following result:

Flower, Democrat	582,894
Fassett, Republican	533,953
Prohibition candidate	30,439
Socialist Labor candidate	14,651

The total vote of the state for governor this year is 1,161,853, as compared with a total vote for governor in 1888 of 1,315,663. This is a decrease of 153,810, notwithstanding the large increase in the population in the past three years. Had the Republicans of the country districts done their duty, FASSETT would have been elected by 20,000 to 30,000 plurality over FLOWER.

AUSTRIA is discussing the demonetization of silver, and the break-up of the Latin Union is imminent. The silver cause is losing ground in Europe.

"FAIR TRADE" IN ENGLAND.

Lord SALISBURY'S speeches at Birmingham and London, in which he frankly confessed the evils which free trade has wrought on the farming industry of England, and his equally frank admission that the cause of protection has been steadily gaining the world over, until Great Britain stands alone among the great nations of the world in her adhesion to free trade—now that New South Wales has chosen a protectionist government—must necessarily have a powerful influence in the United States. Intelligent voters will pause before giving their ballots in favor of a wild scheme to take a backward step, in the face of the fact that the whole world is now protectionist except England. They will hesitate before they will agree to open our markets to the world, when they see that all other nations have enacted tariffs to protect their markets. They will consider that it is better to keep up our own tariff, and use it as a means of negotiating reciprocity treaties with other lands, than to adopt one-sided free trade, by which we give our markets without anything being received in return.

The most astonishing things about Lord SALISBURY'S two speeches is the manner in which they have been received by the press of his own country. One would naturally look to see the British newspapers scold the premier for his admissions as to the detriment free trade has been to a large class of the English people, and for his frank acknowledgment of the rapid growth of the protective policy throughout the world. But the English papers do nothing of the sort. They do a much more unexpected and amazing thing. They censure Lord SALISBURY because he did not mention the fact that there is in Great Britain itself what one of the papers call "a nascent revolt against a one-sided free trade," which revolt, it frankly ackowledges, "is becoming a vital issue with the workmen of the great towns."

This is an allusion to what is called in England the "fair trade" movement. It is a movement among the workingmen, who see that their fellows in protectionist countries receive higher wages themselves. They see that free trade means for England low wages, poor home markets, ruin to the farmers, and a steady cutting down of the "markets of the world" by the progress of protection. They begin to see that the American idea is a better one, and they are prepared to work for its adoption.

This is a matter which should be brought home to the workingmen of the United States. The tariff question is primarily a matter of wages. An English workingman can do as much work, and do it as well, in a given time, as an American workman. If they both get the same wage rate, the product of their labor would cost as much in England as in the United States. If the English workman gets less wages than the American one, then the English goods can be sold cheaper than the American. Free trade means the reduction of the wages on this side of the Atlantic to the English standard. The "fair trade" movement in England aims to raise the English wage rate to the American standard. Which method is better for the world, and especially for the working classes?

NOT MADE THROUGH THE TARIFF.

The New York *World*, in discussing the movement in that city to alleviate the condition of the very poor and lessen the immorality and vice in its lowest quarters, publishes the names of the following ten multi-millionaires, with the wealth popularly attributed to each, whose aid in the proposed movement would be invaluable. We reprint the list herewith:

John D. Rockefeller	$140,000,000
W. W. Astor	125,000,000
W. B. Astor	110,000,000
Cornelius Vanderbilt	110,000,000
Jay Gould	90,000,000
W. K. Vanderbilt	8,000,000
C. P. Huntington	45,000,000
Russell Sage	40,000,000
William Rockefeller	35,000,000
J. Pierpont Morgan	25,000,000

We have no doubt these gentlemen are able to give very thorough assistance to this movement—to make it a success, in fact—and we hope they will do so; but that is not our object in reprinting the list from the *World's* columns. We do so to call its attention, and that of its free trade contemporaries, to the fact that not one of these men made his money in any way directly or remotely affected by the tariff. It affords a good opportunity of showing that protected manufacturing is not the royal road to the obtaining of countless millions the free traders would have us believe.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL TERMS.

With November 1, all our three months' offers for subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE expired. It is now time to get up clubs of yearly subscribers for this, the leading national weekly Republican journal of the United States We have just prepared our confidential club terms to agents, which we will send *only* on application by mail. We have made such liberal rates that any energetic person can, with a reasonable degree of effort, make $10 per day for a few days in canvassing for the Weekly BLADE. Get to work at once before some one else occupies your neighborhood. Send us a postal card asking for our confidential terms to agents, and address it to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE American hog is rapidly obtaining admission to European countries. France was the first to remove the prohibition of his importation; Italy and Denmark followed suit, and now Austria-Hungary joins them. Turkey and Greece are the only European countries which still maintain the exclusion of our pork. Italy was the first European country to prohibit its importation, which was done in 1879. In 1880, American pork was forbidden to be brought into the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and in the same year the importation was forbidden by Germany. In 1881 France adopted the same policy, and Greece and Turkey followed her. Hence our pork products have been barred out of all continental Europe, except from Switzerland and Belgium, for about ten years. The reciprocity policy should have been adopted then; but there was no BLAINE in President ARTHUR'S Cabinet.

THE murderous attack on RUSSELL SAGE is only another illustration of the prevalence of crankism these days. The man WILSON was insane, and had been an inmate of several asylums. Each time he was discharged as "cured," and each time he celebrated his return to liberty by making a murderous attack on some one. While there is no doubt his mind was unbalanced, his whole course of action shows him to have been far more of a crank than a madman. He was one of the too numerous class of which GUITEAU was the first notable instance. Somebody is responsible for his release from detention behind asylum walls, and for the loss of human life which followed it.

COSTA RICA comes up smiling with a request for reciprocity, under the new tariff law. She shall join the family group of American republics at Uncle SAM'S table, of course.

On December 24

We Shall Begin the Publication of Our New Serial—Some Points For Our Readers.

In the issue of the Weekly BLADE for December 24 we shall begin the publication of the new serial, already announced in these columns—

MARK AINSLIE'S QUEST;
Or,
An American Daughter of the Gods.

It is a bright, crisp story of modern life. The characters are typical, and more than one of them will certainly become favorites with THE BLADE'S readers. The action is very brisk, and the singular change of events which constitute the central action of the tale is singularly novel and fresh. The story is bound to make a sensation in the reading world. Its publication will be one of the literary events of the year.

It is not only strong and vivid, but intensely interesting; it is clean and pure, and carries with it a lesson to be heeded by young or old; at the same time it is not mawkish nor didactic in a single line. It is, in short, just such a story as every member of the great BLADE constituency will be glad to read, and to admit that *it alone* is worth more than the cost of THE BLADE for the entire year.

Special Request.

We wish to send out sample copies of the issue of THE BLADE containing it to as many persons who are not subscribers as possible. We ask every friend of THE BLADE to send us, *at once*, a list of persons, with their postoffice addresses, he knows who would like to see a copy of THE BLADE, and who are not subscribers. We will send copies of the first instalment of the new story to all such. You can get ten names, and addresses on a postal card, or can send lists in letters you may be writing to us.

The new story, if published in book form, would make a $1.50 book. We shall publish three or four serials during the year; hence, you get more than the subscription price in this way alone. Do not forget to renew in time!

BLAINE'S HEALTH.

A few days ago Secretary BLAINE went over to Philadelphia to consult Dr. TAYLOR who is his medical adviser, and who attended him last summer at Bar Harbor. The doctor was interviewed after Mr. BLAINE'S visit, and talked freely of the physical condition of his illustrious patient. Dr. TAYLOR says:

Mr. Blaine is in better condition, a great deal better condition, than six months or a year ago, and so far as I can definitely say from a careful observation of his condition and what he has told me of what it was before I began to attend him, Mr. Blaine enjoys better health than he did three or four years ago. Six months hence he will be even better than he is now.

Mr. Blaine is a well man. For his years he is sturdy. When I began to attend Mr. Blaine last spring he was suffering from an acute illness. He was in a very bad condition and completely broken down by overwork. I did not know what the outcome would be. Now there is no doubt in my mind, for Mr. Blaine's health is excellent. He is back to his normal weight. He has a good appetite and sleeps well. Mr. Blaine has got well by the exercise of common sense, not medicine.

If Mr. Blaine continues to take care of himself, as he is now doing, I see no reason why he should not live many years longer. He has rested upon the ripe age, being 61 years old, and he takes pleasure in its present strength.

All this is significant. The illness of Mr. BLAINE last summer was followed for weeks by the press of the country, and there resulted a feeling in the minds of thousands of Republicans that his condition was that of a broken man, and that his hold on life was too precarious for him to be seriously named in the Presidential contest next year. Dr. TAYLOR'S interview corrects all this. A physician of his high standing would not compromise his professional reputation by making assertions about his patient's condition unless he believed them absolutely correct.

Hence Mr. BLAINE'S visit to Philadelphia and its announced result take the form of a public assurance to the Republicans of the United States that his physical health is fully restored, and that it presents no obstacle to his accepting the Presidential nomination at Minneapolis next June.

We may remark, *en passant*, that this is just what the Republican hosts have been waiting for.

It will be bad news for the Democrats of the nation. They are afraid of BLAINE. With any other candidate to oppose them they feel confident of success; but they feel a certainty that BLAINE can defeat CLEVELAND or any other candidate they can put up. We refer now to the leaders of that party in the East especially. They are much perturbed in spirit, but the resistless march of events bids fair to defeat their hope that Mr. HARRISON will be renominated.

RENEW PROMPTLY!

Every subscriber to THE BLADE should renew his subscription promptly. No intelligent American citizen can afford to be without THE BLADE next year, during the great Presidential campaign. It is the only great national political weekly; its editorial pages are a mine of information and education on political issues, and it is read by men of both parties.

It is money in every man's pocket to be a subscriber to THE BLADE. There is not a subscriber but can save more than a dollar, or make more than that much, through the information contained in its pages. No intelligent man, with his wits about him, will dispute this fact.

Renew *in time!* Don't wait till the very last week of your subscription, and thus run the risk of missing a number or two.

IT is of interest to those who fear that the amount of gold in the country is not sufficient for the monetary needs of the world to learn the fact that the brief panic in November of last year in Europe, due to the failure of the house of BARING Brothers, and the demand for gold which followed in all European centers during the earlier part of this year, had the effect of largely stimulating the production of gold all over the world. The output of the yellow metal from American mines will be at least $20,000,000 greater this year than last, and this influence is still at work at the mining centers of Australia, which will enlarge the amount many mill

Publishers' Desk.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

We have decided to publish no more of the following books and pictures, and for the purpose of closing out the stock on hand, we offer them at about the cost of production. It will be necessary to order very quickly as we have but a few of each left. This will be the last opportunity of purchasing Nasby's books, and hundreds will want Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty" after they are gone.

We will send (until the stock is exhausted) a picture of John Calvin for 10 cents each, postpaid by mail. The former price was 25 cents.

The following paper-covered "Nasby" books (former price 50 cents) we will send by mail postpaid at 25 cents each: "A Paper City," "Aboon Ben Athem," and "Echoes From Kentucky."

About fifty copies of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty," cloth, (former price $1) we will send postpaid by mail at 75 cents each. Don't delay if you want any of these books or pictures.

OUR SOUVENIR SPOON.

Your attention is called to the picture of the solid silver souvenir tea spoon on the 5th page of this issue. A splendid Christmas present. The spoon and the Weekly BLADE one year postpaid, for $3.00; the spoon alone $2.50. Any one sending five yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, will receive a spoon free of cost. Remember this spoon is made of solid sterling silver. THE BLADE has never offered its readers anything that was not exactly as represented, and this spoon is no exception to the rule.

THE PRICE REDUCED.

Now that the price has been reduced to 75 cents per copy, we wish to remark that Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty" is a very timely Christmas present. We have, however, only a few left—probably enough to fill what orders will come in by December 20. Hence, if you want a copy, order *now*. As soon as the copies now on hand are disposed of, the book will be out of print.

FOUR ENTIRELY NEW PICTURES,

And Four Not Very Old Ones, For Blade Readers.

THE BLADE'S pictures have heretofore been very successful, and we have furnished thousands of our readers with beautiful copies of renowned paintings at prices less than half the art stores charge. We are glad to announce *four* NEW pictures now ready for mailing, as follows:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is *in full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected pillars in a conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and rare execution.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the midst of winter Napoleon has driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. Then began that fatal retreat depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris within the last eighteen months for $170,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture.

"Christ Leaving the Pretorium," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x23 inches. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands, the poor and wretched, who adored him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who still craved his divine help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture.

"Women and Children First," by G. Napier Hemy, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x 28 inches. The story is here told with all the poetry of art, filling the picture with the heroic in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. The left rooms us the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Directly in the front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdy hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting "Women and Children First" as the ship goes down.

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the Old Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkaosy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity the tones of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Harper, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom house, the dome, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x22 inches.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any *one* of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents.

Or, we will send any *five* of them you may choose for One Dollar.

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for $1.50.

Addressall orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

We had decided that we would not this season advertise the Blade china tea sets and the Blade washing machine, as we have new premiums to offer—The Blade sewing machine and the encyclopedia. However, our subscribers will not have it so. Our mail daily brings us inquiries as to the tea sets and washing machines. While we have not room to advertise them as we did last year, we will simply say that the offers for both the tea sets and the washing machines which we made last year will hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of THE BLADE containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly BLADE one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly BLADE one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21½x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for 25 cents.

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for 35 cents. The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

Science Causerie.

Does the Moon Give Light?

On Saturday morning, November 14, the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* said of the source of the peculiar, reddish illumination of the moon's disc during total eclipse:

We are inclined to believe that some of this faint light comes from the moon itself, which may not instantly part with the light which it has absorbed, like luminous paint, during the long time the hemisphere we see is exposed to the fierce sunlight. Many, if not all substances have the power of absorbing sunlight and radiating it again when placed in a dark room. Many things can be photographed by the light they radiate in this way; and there is good reason for believing that the moon's disc when in the dark shadow of the earth radiates a great deal of light which it had absorbed. If our surmise be correct the moon should be darkest toward the end of the total phase.

An observation of the total eclipse of Sunday evening, November 15, by Professor C. A. Young, at Princeton, tends to confirm the view expressed above in a way that was not expected. A telegram from Princeton contained the following description of President Young's observation:

A very curious, and as yet unexplained phenomenon was observed; namely, that the eastern part of the great satellite's face was decidedly darker than the western part. To what cause this may be due, Professor Young was unable to state this evening, and there s no obvious explanation for this fact.

So far as we have seen, Professor Young has not attempted an explanation. But the explanation is easy and obvious if we apply the theory we have advanced that the moon during an eclipse radiates the light previously absorbed when in sunlight. Professor Young saw that the eastern part of the great satellite was darker than the western. Now the eastern part was last to be illuminated by the sun before the eclipse began and was first to be obscured by the earth's shadow. At the middle of the eclipse the eastern half had been much longer in shadow than the western. The western half was receiving and absorbing sunlight while the eastern half was radiating into the earth's shadow the small quantity received after the moon's first quarter. The western half had been much longer under sunlight than the eastern and must accordingly have absorbed and radiated in proportion. It was therefore brighter than the eastern half during totality.

Modern experiments in photography show that there is nothing improbable in the absorption and radiation of sunlight by the moon to a sufficient degree to render the disc visible during an eclipse. The moon's surface is composed chiefly of lava or volcanic scoria, some of it of intense brightness under sunlight; and there seems to be no hindrance to such an absorption and radiation of light as will produce all of the effects seen during a total eclipse.

Dr. Nichol, a Scotch astronomer, held that the atmosphere could not reflect sunlight far enough into the earth's shadow to fall upon the moon, and that the earth shone of its own light upon the moon.

But Prof. Young's observation indicates to us that it is the moon that shines.

Modern Military Equipment.

One of the most striking features in the development of nations is the modern military equipment, supposed to be of appalling power, yet so changed since the last conflict as to be practically untried. In a recent lecture to his students, Prof. Billroth, of Vienna, showed a collection of bones from persons wounded in the wars of 1866 and 1870. He stated that the damage done by the rifles then in use could not be compared to the terrific effect of the repeating rifles of to-day. A bullet from a Mannlicher rifle pierces a brick wall at a distance of 500 to 600 paces, and it would be well nigh impossible to obtain shelter from an enemy's fire. There can be no more marching in dense lines, as the ball would go through three or four men. Smokeless powder affords better means of correct aim, and woe to the army that should cross the road in the face of an enemy, or that should attack an enemy in a sheltered position. "Thank God," continued the lecturer, "I cannot show you any bones that have suffered from weapons as they now are."

Fruit Cans by Machine.

The new process of making tin fruit cans by machinery is said to prove a decided success both mechanically and financially. The machine is so contrived as to cut a piece of tin into four parts and then pass them to a feeder, where they are sized by a revolving wheel, by which the can is formed. By another unique process it is completely soldered, after which the machine tests it by dipping it in hot water and subjecting it to pressure. When finished the can has no solder on the inside, and is wholly free from acids.

Electrical Progress.

Progress is the constant cry in electrical circles. No science has advanced as rapidly in practical results as the science of electricity during the past decade. A careful estimate made by the *Electrical Review*, New York, shows over $700,000,000 invested in this industry in this country. The same journal predicts that if full opportunity is given, the most interesting and wonderful exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition will be that illustrating the power and development of electricity.

Odoriferous Woods.

Few of our native trees have odoriferous wood like the sandal wood of the islands in the Pacific Ocean; but a few of the coniferæ on the Pacific slope have sweet-scented woods. The Alsi church at Metlakatla, built by the civilized Indians of Alaska, is as fragrant as if incense was continually flowing through the air, from the wood of the great arbor-vitæ, of which it is built. *Libocedrus decurrens*, found further south, is known as "incense cedar" from its fragrance. The yellow cypress and the Monterey cypress have also scented wood.

Scientific Notes.

The yield of the oil wells in Colorado in 1890 netted $500,000.

Since 1880 $12,000,000 has been expended in constructing 11,000 miles of canals and 11,000 miles of distributing ditches, which now furnish irrigation for 6,000,000 acres of land.

In Hungary, where the railway fares were reduced by the "Zone system" from 40 to 80 per cent, the receipts have increased 18 per cent, and the number of passengers rose from 2,000,000 to 7,000,000.—[Chicago Herald.

It has recently been estimated that in the world at large, 4,000 manufacturers produce yearly 900,000,000 kilogrammes of paper. Three hundred million is used in periodicals, and the remainder in books, brochures, commercial circulars, etc. The amount used in periodicals has increased one-third in ten years, and is constantly growing.

The length of the structure over the Mississippi at Memphis is to be 8,000 feet—bridge 2,600 feet; iron viaduct 2,300 feet; timber trestle, 3,100 feet. Its eight piers are to be 117 to 197 feet in height. The deepest foundation is 131 feet below low water mark. The central span is to be 621 feet in length, with cantilever arms 169 feet in length.

The longest electric railway in the world is to be constructed in Russia. The very audacious project is being considered of constructing a line from St. Petersburg to Arkangel, a port of the White sea, a distance of more than 800 kilometers (498 miles). The electric current is to be furnished by a series of generating stations, distributed along the line.

Smallest Engine in the World.

A Chemnitz mechanic has just constructed a horizontal steam engine, with valve gear and all appurtenances complete, within the shell of an ordinary Italian nut. It is the smallest engine in the world. The diameter of the fly-wheel is 10 millimetres (0.4 inch); the boiler is 18 millimetres (0.7 inch) long and 6.5 millimetres (0.26 inch) high.

The liliputian engine is intended for spirit heating and it is stated to work very well.

Dr. Phillips Brooks can not be persuaded to wear a bishop's ring or any other jewelry on his fingers.

VASILI VERESTCHAGIN.

the battle painter, was wounded in the Russian Army while getting experience for his wonderful war scenes. Their realism is such a protest against all war that he became obnoxious to the Czar, though formerly a favorite. He is one of the special writers for *The Youth's Companion*.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT SNAKES

How to Recognize Poisonous Varieties—Adventures of an Old Dealer in Snakes.

ALL snakes are naturally vicious, but they are not all poisonous. None of the larger varieties are poisonous, and you can always tell a poisonous snake by the formation of his head, which is shaped round; back of the eyes there is a high lump, rising from inside the head. The harmless snake has a long head, and it kills by crushing, while a poisonous snake darts at you. The anacondas hardly ever bite, and in Brazil it is quite common for a householder to keep a few of them around his residence for the purpose of killing the rats, which are a great pest in that part of the world.

Among the poisonous snakes there is the variety known as the coral, which is found in penezuela. Any one bitten by a coral snake dies in the most horrible agony, his blood bursting or oozing

EXTRACTING FANGS.

out through the pores of his skin. Any snake that measures over seven or eight feet is not poisonous; in fact, I do not know any that grow over six feet long. The rattlesnake is the largest poisonous snake we have in this country. Then there are the deaf adder, the black water snake, the moccasin. These are about the only poisonous snakes we have in the United States.

The men who call themselves "snake charmers" do not handle poisonous snakes. If they have a rattlesnake they extract his fangs, and in that way render him perfectly harmless. This operation is easily performed by means of a silk handkerchief, which is waved in front of the snake, who snaps at it viciously, when the handkerchief is suddenly pulled away, bringing the fangs with it. Or, you can cut the artery that feeds the poison bag and thus destroy the source of supply. That is a rather difficult operation, however, although I have often had occasion to perform it on rattlesnakes. Something, generally a piece of cork, is put in the snake's mouth to keep it open; the teeth of the reptile become imbedded in the cork and you have a chance to cut the artery. Taking the teeth out of a rattlesnake is like pulling feathers out of a bird; they will form again. Snakes shed their teeth just the same as a cat sheds its claws.

Another point about snake charmers. After you have handled snakes for a considerable length of time they become very quiet. To a certain extent you can make a pet of a snake, you can of many other animals, and as I have said, the large varieties seldom bite; handling them seems to deaden them. Snake charmers keep their animals well fed and they become so sluggish as to offer no resistance when they are handled carefully. It is very fortunate for snake charmers that the largest and most showy reptiles in the world are not poisonous.

In their natave state the most of these snakes live in the tree from which they pounce down on their prey. In captivity they are kept in cages containing perches or bars upon which they coil, often winding themselves around each other. About $40,000 worth of snakes are sold in New York every year and this is the largest market for reptiles in the United States. Small boa constrictors are worth $15, large ones $150; very large specmens, $800. The Indian boa constrictor, a very large, showy reptile, about twenty-five feet long, commands a high price, one only ten feet long being worth $75 or $100.

The other day I was bitten by one of my snakes, he got hold of my forefinger. In such a case you thrust your finger down his throat. Do not attempt to pull it out, because their fangs project backwards. After thrusting your finger back for a while he will begin to choke and open his mouth, when you can pull your finger out. The right way to grasp a snake is to hold him firmly with one hand just below the head.

DONALD BURNS.

THE NEW SENATE.

ALABAMA.	**MONTANA.**
1895 John T. Morgan, D	1893 W. F. Sanders, R
1897 James L. Pugh, D	1895 Thos. C. Power, R
ARKANSAS.	**NEBRASKA.**
1895 James H. Berry, D	1893 A. S. Paddock, R
1897 James K. Jones, D	1895 C. F. Manderson, R
CALIFORNIA.	**NEVADA.**
1893 Chas. N. Felton, R	1893 W. M. Stewart, R
1897 L. Stanford, R	1897 John P. Jones, R
COLORADO.	**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**
1895 H. O. Wolcott, R	1895 W. E. Chandler, R
1897 H. M. Teller, R	1897 J. H. Gallinger, R
CONNECTICUT.	**NEW JERSEY.**
1893 Jos. R. Hawley, R	1893 R. Blodgett, D.
1897 Orville H. Platt, R	1895 J. R. McPherson, D
DELAWARE.	**NEW YORK.**
1893 George Gray, D	1893 Frank Hiscock, R
1895 Ant'ny Higgins, R	1897 David B. Hill, D
FLORIDA.	**NORTH CAROLINA.**
1893 Samuel Pasco, D	1895 M. W. Ransom, D
1897 Wilkinson Call, *D	1897 Z. B. Vance, D
GEORGIA.	**NORTH DAKOTA.**
1895 A. H. Colquitt, D	1893 Lyman R. Casey, R
1897 Jno. B. Gordon, D	1891 HCHansbrough, R
IDAHO.	**OHIO.**
1893 Geo. L. Shoup, R	1893 John Sherman, R
1897 Fred T. Dubois, **R	1897 (?) Cal S. Brice, D
ILLINOIS.	**OREGON.**
1895 S. M. Cullom, R.	1895 Jos. N. Dolph, R.
1897 Jno. M. Palmer, D.	1897 J. H. Mitchell, R.
INDIANA.	**PENNSYLVANIA.**
1893 David Turpie, D.	1893 M. S. Quay, R.
1897 D. W. Voorhees, D.	1897 J. D. Cameron, R.
IOWA.	**RHODE ISLAND.**
1895 Jas. F. Wilson, R.	1893 N. Aldrich, R.
1897 W. B. Allison, R.	1895 N. F. Dixon, R.
KANSAS.	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**
1893 P. B. Plumb, R.	1895 M. C. Butler, D.
1897 W. A. Peffer, F. A.	1897 J. L. Irby, F.A.
KENTUCKY.	**SOUTH DAKOTA.**
1895 J. G. Carlisle, D.	1895 F. R. Pettigrew, R.
1897 J. C. S. Blackburn, D	1897 J. H. Kyle, Ind.
LOUISIANA.	**TENNESSEE.**
1895 E. L. Gibson, D	1893 William B. Bate, D
1897 E. D. White, D	1895 Isham G. Harris, D
MAINE.	**TEXAS.**
1893 Eugene Hale, R	1893 Horace Chilton, +D
1895 William P. Frye, R	1895 Richard Coke, D
MARYLAND.	**VERMONT.**
1893 A. P. Gorman, D	1893 R. Proctor, +R
1897 C. H. Gibson, +D	1897 J. F. Morrill, R
MASSACHUSETTS.	**VIRGINIA.**
1893 Henry L. Dawes, R	1893 John W. Daniel, D
1895 George F. Hoar, R	1895 J. S. Barbour, D
MICHIGAN.	**WASHINGTON.**
1893 F. B. Stockb'd'e, R	1893 John B. Allen, R
1895 James McMillan, R	1897 W. C. Squire, R
MINNESOTA.	**WEST VIRGINIA.**
1893 C. K. Davis, R	1893 C. J. Faulkner, D
1895 W. D. Washb'rn, R	1895 John E. Kenna, D
MISSISSIPPI.	**WISCONSIN.**
1893 James Z. George, D	1893 Philetus Sawyer R
1895 E. C. Walthall, D	1897 Wm. F. Vilas, D
MISSOURI.	**WYOMING.**
1893 F. M. Cockrell, D	1893 F. E. Warren, R
1897 George G. Vest, D	1895 Joseph M. Carey, R

*R. H. M. Davidson, D, contestant.
**W. H. Claggett, R., contestant.
+Appointed by the governor, pending action by the legsiture.

Republicans, 47; Democrats, 38; Farmers' Alliance, 1; Independent, 1; total membership, 88.

NEWSY DISPATCHES CONDENSED.

Isaac Sawtelle, the New Hampshire fratricide, has confessed that he killed his brother Hiram.

The condition of Cyrus W. Field is improving.

More snow has fallen in North Dakota in the past few days than during the preceding three years.

FILL YOUR PURSE and improve your prospects. Why not? You can do so honorably, surely. Have you read our illustrated advertisement in the first number of this paper, this month? Better do so, if you haven't. We can and will, if you please, teach you quickly and without PAY, how to earn from $3 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. You can commence at home, in any part of America. We start you. Both sexes. All ages. Easy to learn and manage. All particulars FREE. Better write at once, if you haven't already. Address Stinson & Co., Box 1066, Portland, Maine.

THROWN INTO BOILING SPRINGS

New Light Upon the Fate of the Christians in Japan.

Any one who reads books on Japan will remember that he is told, if he ever visits the harbor of Nagasaki, that he must look at the lofty rock of Pappenberg, descending sheer for some hundreds of feet into the deep water. He is further informed that in the seventeenth century, when there were many Christian converts in Japan, thousands of them were cast into the sea from this cliff. It will be remembered that there was a rebellion of Christians in Southern Japan, the rebels undertaking to overthrow the government and establish their new faith as the state religion of Japan. It was after the suppression of this rebellion that the frightful persecution of the Christians began.

Dr. Reiss, a professor of the University of Tokio, has recently been investigating the records of the Christian rebellion. He has shown quite conclusively that the rock of Pappenberg was not used for the purpose described to tourists. No mention of throwing the Christians over the rock is made in any of the contemporaneous records, and Dr. Reiss says that it would have been absurd to have dragged the prisoners to that distant place.

What happened, however, was even more frightful, and the scene was quite different. The rebellion occurred in Shimabara, whose interior has for its most conspicuous object a volcanic mountain mass, called Onsenga, which is said to have one of the largest craters in the world, while its slopes and base are full of boiling sulphur springs in a constant state of effervescence. Dr. Reiss says that the greatest number of victims of the rage of heathen Japan were taken to Onsenga and hurled from a precipice on the mountain side into the boiling sulphurous springs below.

Japanese sources of information coincide with the missionary reports that this was the form of execution commonly employed, and that it remained in use for a long period. Shimabara is almost an island in a great inlet on the west side of Klusiu, the big southern island of Japan. It is connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus. The volcanic mass of Onsenga, in the center of the district, is plainly marked on any good map.

SUNDAY REFLECTIONS.

Rock of Ages.

Rock of ages, time may roll
Lethe waters o'er our way,
But each world worn, weary soul,
Dreaming still, will backward stray
To that early colgn of rest
Where ten thousand ages slept,
Doubly sheltered, doubly blest,
While safe guard a mother kept.

Cradle of our infant race,
Mother Earth was there beside,
Never yielding watch or place,
Weal be shown or woe betide;
Taught each mortal mother then
Of an art than none forget;
Happy are the sons of men,
For the cradle's rocking yet.

The Deacon's Idea.

It strikes me as very peculiar, but still
A cent makes more noise in the plate than a bill.

Wisdom of the Sons of Men.

Preacher (sadly)—Men seem to move toward side doors naturally on Sunday.
Elder (brightening up)—Well, say, what is the matter with us putting a side door in the church?

Watch and Pray.

I go to church of late, I do,
And many think I'm most devout;
I go because the minister
Is trying hard to out me out.

Another Obstacle.

Elder Berry—Joblots has found another obstacle in his religious pathway.
Dr. Thirdly—What is it?
Elder Berry—He has discovered that "salvation is free."
Dr. Thirdly—Doesn't he believe in that?
Elder Berry—No; he is a protectionist.

Good Cause.

Mrs. Hicks—Dick, why don't you study your Sunday school lesson?
Dick Hicks—The teacher said next time I didn't have it I was to be sent home.

WILL HARRISON GO?

Rumor That the President Will Visit England in '93.

It is stated in London that President Harrison intends to visit England when his present term of office expires.

At London Legation it is understood that Minister Robert Lincoln has been privately requested to ascertain what status would be allowed him as ex-President. Furthermore it is said the Lord Sallsbury has intimated to his willingness to accord to General Harrison and his wife the honores accorded to foreign princes, if it will please the people of the United States, but that he cannot officially recognize the President's relatives.

An American discussing this matter said he had heard the story and believed it. Of course it implied that General Harrison would not again be a candidate before the National Republican convention, but will leave the field clear for Blaine, Alger, Gresham and McKinley.

AN APOSTROPHE.

Oh, thou epitome of "hop,"
Substitute for hashish,
Better than odorless whisky.
Oh, the small cigarette,
Thou mercy of Tahi,
Healing all ills,
Soothing all sorrow,
Nerve quieting.
How adorable you are,
Ain't you?
How fragrant, how much abused!
The very essence of a luxury.
Some coarse persons fail
To appreciate your aroma.
They are dull clods
With sordid gold enough
To buy cigars.
They cannot know the calm delight
Of inhalation.
They cannot draw a breath
And dream day dreams
That knock
Munchausen into a cocked hat,
As I do.
Oh, round, blue rings of incense
That upward float!
You are beautiful,
Enchanting,
But you break and fade
And others follow on.
There you resemble
My promises to pay
Sundry accounts.
Oh, magic cigarette,
Soul-sleeping coffin-tack,
Master of man,
Mighty indeed thou art
Oh, microbe killer.

—[T. S. V., in Detroit Tribune.

IT WAS ONLY A BLIND.

But It Gave a Fashionable Lady Reason to Blush.

A very popular but blind count lives in Champs Elysees. Being witty and musical, his society is much sought after. He left Paris three months ago, and on his return called on a fashionable marchioness, who was preparing to go to a fancy ball. She begged to be excused, but as he had an important message to deliver, he was shown in, and being, of course, blind, he was asked to take a seat in her boudoir. Gossip ensued, and during all the time the marchioness, assisted by her maid, executed the mysteries of her toilet.

Being ready to descend to her carriage, the count stated that he had been absent in London, and had undergone a successful operation for cataract, and could now see as well as the marchioness. The latter shrieked and jumped into her carriage without even an *au revoir* to her unwelcome visitor.—[London Court Journal.

TO RAISE THE PRICE OF COTTON.

A Novel Scheme Adopted by the Farmers of Greenville County, S. C.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 7.—The cotton farmers of Greenville county, in this state, have adopted a novel mode of raising the price of cotton. They have resolved to assign all cotton made in this country in 1892 to the county commissioners, or other officers to be elected by the voters of the county, provided these officers pay for the same in cash or pounds sterling at 11 cents a pound for middling and less or more for other cotton by class or grade, 1 cent a pound to be reserved for expenses, etc.

The same meeting at which this was adopted also passed upon a resolution favoring the inaugurating of a movement to secure from the general government the restoration of $60,000,000 taxes collected on cotton. It is proposed to invite the aid of all the Southern states in this effort to get Congress to refund this tax.

(TRADE MARK.)
DR. A. OWEN.

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4. They are made by a reliable, responsible and incorporated company.
5. An electric suspensory is given free with each Gent's Belt.
6. They do not require a "scientific medical electrician" to adjust them.
7. They may be worn day or night, to suit convenience of patient.
8. Scientific men indorse them, and Physicians use them in their practice.
9. The cost as compared with other treatment is at the minimum.
10. They are kept in repair for one year free of charge to purchaser.
11. All orders are filled the same day as received, and all letters are given immediate attention.
12. When wearing them, patients do not require treatment from physicians' office battery or any other treatment.
13. The variety of diseases for which they are successfully used is larger than any other one treatment.
14. They produce a genuine current of electricty, which is applied without the least inconvenience to the patient.
15. It has been proved, they effect more cures than any other one treatment under the Sun.
16. Clear, printed instructions in all languages, accompany each belt, giving full particulars how to wear it.
17. They are scientifically constructed in every detail, and made from the best materials throughout, by skillful workmen.
18. No other electric belt in this or any other country, is so widely approved, or universally recommended.
19. The Ladies and Gents' belts differ in construction, permitting the ladies' belt to be worn with corsets if so desired.
20. They are easily understood, and can can be applied by the patient without previous knowledge of electricity or electric belts.
21. Advice is given free to purchasers by our consulting physician, who has had a successful experience of more than thirty years.
22. They have been subjected to the criticisms of the people in every civilized country on the Globe, and have been approved by the Public.
23. More of them have been sold in a given time than all other electric belts combined, thus proving their excellence above all competitors.
24. The Electro-Galvanic current is applied to the body in such a manner as to reach the nerve centers of the entire system, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet.

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FAITH FAILED.

Modern Surgery Proves More Triumphant Than Christian Science.

The doctors and nurses were kept busy last Sunday morning at the county hospital resetting splints, bandages and plaster-of-paris molds in ward L, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Ward L is a surgical ward, and fourteen women suffering and under treatment for broken and dislocated limbs and various other injuries are confined therein.

One of the number is a Mrs. White, of uncertain age, who hails from Boston. Her broken leg is rapidly healing. Mrs. White, who is a firm believer in the faith cure, confided to her disabled fellow-inmates a few days ago that the speedy knitting of the fractured bone was not due to the science of the skilled surgeons, but to her own ardent application of Christian faith. As she is a very voluble exponent of Christian science, in four days' time she had converted several of the inmates of the ward to her own belief in the superiority of faith and prayer to surgical science.

On Sunday morning she told her converts to get up, and, after kneeling in prayer, those who had crutches should throw them aside; those whose limbs were in splints should tear them off, and then they should all march to the outer gate, order it thrown open and repair to their respective places of abode.

This was at 9 o'clock, and Miss Nellson, the nurse of ward L, was in the drug department getting a prescription filled. Cries of anguish from the direction of ward L reached her, and, rushing back, she was amazed to find Mrs. White floundering in the corridor and crying with pain. Mrs. Nash, who was being treated for a severe fracture of the knee cap, was also writhing in pain in the doorway, while just inside the door were several others who had left their cots, torn off their splints and bandages and thrown aside their crutches, and were trying the efficacy of faith as a healer.

Attendants and doctors were called by the excited nurse, and the patients were replaced on their cots. No serious damage was suffered by any of the patients, except that Mrs. White fell while trying to balance herself on her uninjured leg, and in her fall not only injured her nicely knitting bone, but severely sprained her wrist.

Mrs. White is still an exponent of the faith cure, but her recent converts have lost confidence in both Mrs. White and Christian science.

This seemed to be excitement enough for one day, but later the doctors and nurses were treated to another scene.

Shortly after the escapade of the patients in ward L, the members of the salvation army—one man and two women—entered the hospital, bent on spreading the gospel among the inmates. The peripatetic singers and preachers started through the main corridor with military step, the two women beating tambourines, while their male companion was clashing cymbals.

The musical call, intended for sinners, was answered by hospital officials, who ran to the salvationists and informed them that such demonstrations were against the rules. They were instructed to repair to the chapel and also to discontinue the use of their musical instruments. The preliminary noise, however, had the desired effect of drawing a crowd, and the chapel was soon filled with convalescents.

It was about fifteen minutes before the dinner hour, and after spending nearly a quarter of an hour in singing, the salvationists called upon their hearers to bend their knees and bow their heads in prayer. At this juncture the dinner-bell rang. The convalescents never showed more activity since their admission to the hospital. En masse they bolted for the door and hurried to the dining-room.

The salvationists felt much aggrieved, and the officials informed them that they would chide the recreant sinners for their breach of etiquette and lack of religious zeal.

BITS OF VERSE.

THE PAST.

Therefore think not the past is wise alone,
For yesterday knows nothing of the best,
And thou shalt love it only as the nest
Whence glory-winged things to Heaven have flown.
—[Lowell.

GRIEFS.

But blame us women not if some appear
Too cold at times, and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?
—[Owen Meredith.

PASSION.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labored puny passion-fits—
Oh, may she scorn them still, till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she.
—[Matthew Arnold.

TRIFLES.

The smallest crust may save a human life;
The smallest act may lead to human strife;
The smallest touch may cause the body pain;
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain;
The simplest deed may tell the truly brave;
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;
The smallest draught the thirsty may relieve;
The slightest look may make a kind heart grieve;
Naught is so much but it may still contain
The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.
—[Anonymous.

Chicago's Growth.

YOU KNOW how Chicago is growing?—by location of new factories.

YOU KNOW where factories are locating?—in her manufacturing suburbs.

YOU KNOW which suburb affords them best facilities?—Griffith, having two fuel oil pipe lines and four railroads, including a Belt Line equaling twenty-two more roads.

YOU KNOW the history of investments in Chicago's factory suburbs?—uniformly profitable, returning five and ten fold in a few years.

YOU KNOW what ten Griffith lots bought now and held three years will do?—They will make you rich.

YOU KNOW prices and terms of Griffith lots?—$120 to $450 each, in monthly payments of $4 to $10.

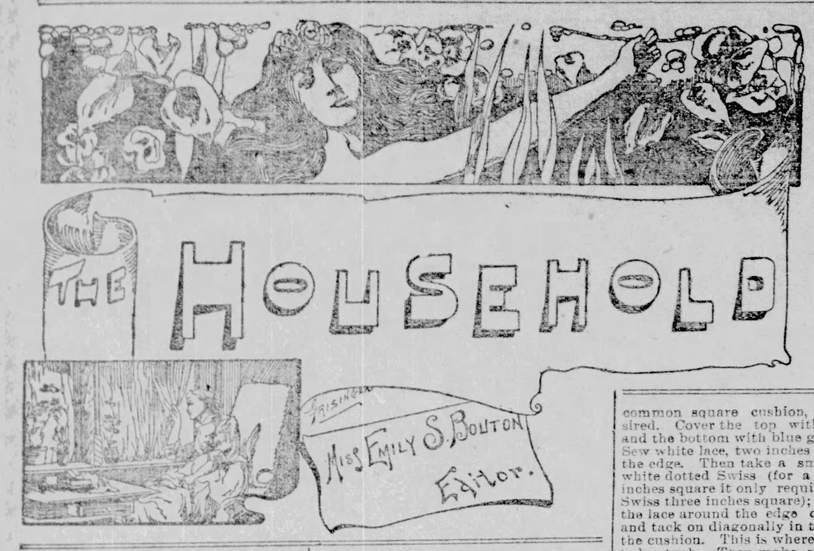
YOU KNOW why we wish to send you full particulars?—So you'll know all about them; then you'll buy.

We are waiting for your address; here's ours.

JAY DWIGGINS & CO., Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Chicago.

ALL FOR 10 CTS.

We want to introduce our goods in all parts of the country, and accordingly make this Great Offer: If you will send us 10 cents (silver dime, or stamps) we will mail at once, all the following, complete: Game of Authors, 43 cards with full directions; Set of Dominoes, in compact and handy form; Chess Board, with men; Checker Board, with men; Tow and Geeke Board, with men; Nine Men Morris Board, with men; Mystic Age Tablet, to tell the age of any person, young or old, married or single; Real Secret Ventriloquism, whereby you can learn to make voices come from closets, trunks, dolls, etc. This secret is worth one hundred dollars; The Beautiful Language of Flowers, arranged in alphabetical order; Morse Telegraph Alphabet, complete; The Improved Game of Forfeit, for two or more. Will please the whole family; Parlor Tableaux; Pantomimes; Shadow Pantomim



HOME TALKS.

WE LIVE IN A GLORIOUS PRESENT.

Get Back Into the Past and None Would Rejoice — To-day is What We Are to Think Of.

"Old times were the best. I wish we could go back to them."

Do you? Just think of it. Would you really like to return to the days when the railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph were in their infancy and the telephone was not known? Would you like to give up the luxurious Pullman and Wagner and go jogging along in the stage coach, or in the rough semblance to our railroad coaches of to-day? It would only take a few decades of reversal to put things in what would seem a semi-barbaric state to the youngsters who have never seen or known anything but the conveniences of the present. I have ridden in stages over the mountains and down into the valleys of the Rockies and the Sierras, through the great forests where the crunching of the dry sticks under the horses' feet was all the sound to be heard, except the song of the wild bird and the rustling of the frightened wild things through the underbrush, and it seemed to me that never had I been brought so close to the heart of Nature, and the quiet was inexpressibly soothing. Yet I know well that were I to be sent away permanently into these wilds, away from the throbbing life of the world, I should long for its stir and action, and the continuance of days devoid of humanity's presence would pall upon me.

I think the same thing would be true with regard to a return of the old times, to which many people refer in their condemnation of the present. There is the disposition with many who are dissatisfied with their surroundings, with their failure to realize their youthful dreams, to decry existing conditions, and imagine that in the days agone the world was better and happier than it is to-day; that life was not drawn upon such hard lines; that less was required to live, less demanded, and society was better and purer.

That the advances made in the arts and sciences which have rendered possible all the conveniences that add so much to our comfort can possibly cause deterioration of ideals, producing laxity in morals, I do not in the least believe. Go into country places, afar from railroads, telegraphs, and the other conditions of advancing civilization, and you will not find any higher social standards of morality, nor any more determined effort to reach them, than is seen in the more crowded communities. What will not be found are those centers of extreme want and misery consequent upon the over-crowding of a foreign population within narrow limits—human beings who know nothing of life outside of cities.

Life to-day is broader, freer than it has ever been before within historic memory. There need be no regret for past conditions, no looking backward. The present is all that concerns us, all that we need care for. We are building for the future it is true, but the doing of the duties of each hour, doing them conscientiously and intelligently, is adding strength and force and power to the spirit that is to go on living after this personality of the body has passed away. It is to-day that we are to love our neighbors as ourselves; to-day that we are to think the good thoughts, speak the good words, do the kind deeds; not to-morrow or next week or the next year.

Neither longings nor regrets belong to the old time. No matter how beautiful the past was, be very sure that could any one of us be suddenly transferred into the midst of it, unless the experiences that lie between the then and now could be blotted out of the memory, we should find our joy-bells ringing very faintly. Nor do regrets for misdeeds done, and duties left undone avail us aught. If we have learned our lessons from experience, then bury the experience itself out of sight. Its work is done and sorrow is futile for what cannot be recalled—not only that, but it weakens the energies for present needs and makes effort less potent. Knowledge "grows out of yesterdays," but the yesterdays themselves have vanished.

Old times were *not* the best. They were good for those who lived in them, but for us the to-day is better. And into this to-day we want to bring all of the finer forces, both from the seen and the unseen side of life. "And as life as a whole is wrought from each to-day," writes Lilian Whiting, who always goes to the heart of things, "it does matter how much we shall achieve daily and hourly. To forget the claim of the hour in contemplation of some indefinite future is mental and spiritual bankruptcy. 'Write on your heart that *each* is the best day of the year,' said Emerson. It is the present hour with which we have to do. *To-day* is the day of the Lord."

And yet let me not seem to decry either the past or the future. There are things which the world calls old that are beautiful. The old, old story of the Christ who entered into the flesh almost nineteen hundred years ago, that he might bear witness of the truth to all who came thereafter, is beyond compare. The everlasting hills clothed with verdure, looking towards the heavens in which the sun shines by day and the stars by night, unmoved by tempest, with unbroken calm facing the ages, are magnificent beyond expression. And the shining sun and stars that looked down upon the mountains from the days of which no man can speak, so far away beyond his knowledge are they, which shine on and on, while nations come and go, and their places are desolate, of their glory, who may fitly speak?

Infinitely more beautiful than all that the material eye may behold, though men, alas! see and recognize it not, is the old age, so called, of lives well lived. The body, the soul's instrument with which it has worked, has lost some of its power—how much depends upon the individual's strength of resistance to his own fears and the world's beliefs—but the soul itself, rich in the experiences gained, tranquil in its intuitive knowledge of its own immortality, looks through its veil of flesh, and we see its radiance as if its were the light from the golden hereafter reflected backward. It is beautiful to those who can see beyond the material present, because it means that the real man or woman is making ready to throw off earth bonds and pass on into a more perfect life. For, as Emerson writes:

"To vision profounder
Man's spirit must dive;
His eye-rolling orb
At no goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found for mere heavens,
He spurneth the old."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Within the next four weeks a new story is to be commenced in THE BLADE, which everybody ought to read. Members of the HOUSEHOLD who have friends and acquaintances not taking the Weekly BLADE, will do us and them a favor by forwarding their names, in order that they may receive the issue containing the opening chapters.—ED.

Household Conventences.

TALLING at the house of a friend recently, I accepted her invitation to stay for tea. Although no company was expected, and no extra preparations had been made, the supper was exceptionally nice, the children of the family well behaved, and the welcome given me by my host and hostess was sufficiently warm to have made a much poorer meal enjoyable. But the table cloth!! My friend apologized for it, saying that if she should use a fresh one every day, it would not be fit to be seen by night; she could not understand why they became so soiled.

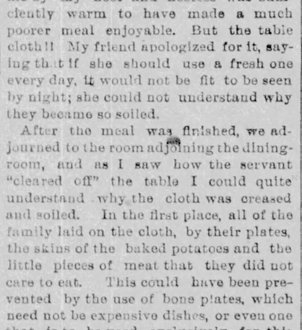
After the meal was finished, we adjourned to the room adjoining the dining-room, and as I saw how the servant "cleared off" the table I could quite understand why the cloth was creased and soiled. In the first place, all of the family laid on the cloth, by their plates, the skins of the baked potatoes and the little pieces of meat that they did not care to eat. This could have been prevented by the use of bone plates, which need not be expensive dishes, or even one that is to be used exclusively for this purpose; an extra plate, or saucer, for every two or three persons at the table, will make a convenient receptable for such things and prevent them from soiling the cloth.

When the maid cleared the table she scraped all of the scraps from the plates, and emptied the teacups and glasses of anything remaining in them, into a pan that she brought in from the kitchen for that purpose. When all things except this pan had been removed, she gathered—yes, that is just what she did—the table cloth up in a little mussy bundle and tucked it under her arm, so as to have both hands at liberty to safely carry the pan. After such a course of treatment, how could you expect much in the way of cleanliness of that cloth?

Dishes should be carried immediately to the kitchen, and the "scraping-up" process attended to there; and until you have tried it, no one can tell the benefit it is to the appearance of a cloth to brush the crumbs, instead of shaking them from it. A brush and tray can be obtained as low as 25 cents, and will last a long time; or, if you choose, a very good brush can be made of a chicken's or turkey's wing, and the crumbs brushed into a common plate. Then your table cloth can be folded in the creases in which it was ironed, and laid away and will remain clean and look fresh for a much longer time than if it is wrinkled up to shake after every meal. If the expense of the brush and tray prevents any one from having them just consider that the wear and tear of washing the cloth, or the expense, if you hire your washing, will soon pay for several of these.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

A THREE-CORNERED BAG.—This is made of wash leather, two pieces each eight inches square being used. Line them with white moire silk. Cut off two corners as seen in the illustration.



Decorate the leather with broaze paint, making the sprays of flowers in water colors. Sew the leather firmly together by overstitching. Of course the lining must be made separately. Finish the edge with white cord or with cord the color of the leather. Of course the latter would be the most serviceable.

SIMULATED MANTEL-PIECE.—Have a wooden shelf affixed to the wall, and below it place a writing desk, or a table or shelves. Make a scarf considerably wider than the shelf, and a yard longer. Use some heavy material that will hold in place. Trim it across the edge and front with fringe. Line the ends where they fall down with some pretty contrasting colors. Flax velours is a very good material for this scarf. Anything light and thin will not have the proper effect.

PIN CUSHION.—Minnie:—One of the prettiest pin cushions I ever saw was made in the following manner: Make a common square cushion, any size desired. Cover the top with blue satin and the bottom with blue glazed muslin. Sew white lace, two inches deep, around the edge. Then take a small piece of white dotted Swiss (for a cushion ten inches square it only requires a piece of Swiss three inches square); sew some of the lace around the edge of the Swiss and tack on diagonally in the center of the cushion. This is where the pins are to be stuck. Then make small rosettes of ribbon, the same shade, and tack on each of the four corners of the cushion and I think you will be pleased.—A HAPPY WIFE.

The editor is greatly obliged to "A Happy Wife" for her pleasant words, and is glad to know that she is so contented with her lot.

Fifteen cents will still get "Fancy Work and House Decoration," No. 3, but they are going fast. Send to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr. treble; sh c, short crochet.

SCROLL LACE—Cast on 44 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 12—n—o 2—n—k 3—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—o 2—n—k 6—o 2—p 2 tog. 2d row—o 2—p 2 tog—k 8—p 1—k 3—o 2—p 2 tog—k 4—p 1—k 15—p 1—k 3—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3. 3d row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—k 8—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—o 2—p 2 tog—k 12—o 2—p 2 tog. 4th row—o 2—p 2 tog—k 12—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 11—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3. 5th row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2 n—o 2—n—k 4—n—o 2—n—k 4—n—o 2—n—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 5—o 2—p 2 tog. 6th row—o 2—p 2 tog—k 6—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 3—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3. 7th row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—o 2—p 2 tog—k 14—o 2—p 2 tog. 8th row—o 2—p 2 tog—k 14—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3. 9th row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 4—n—o 2—n—k 4—n—o 2—n—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog. 10th row—o 2—p 2 tog—k 7—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 3—o 2—p 2 tog—k 4—p 1—k 7—p 1—k 7—p 1—k 3—o 2—p 2 tog. 11th row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 24—o 2—p 2 tog. 11th row—Take last stitch on left hand needle and slip 6 stitches over—o 2—p 2 tog. 12th row—c 2—p 2 tog—k 11—o 2—p 2 tog—k 34—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3. Repeat.—M. H. S.

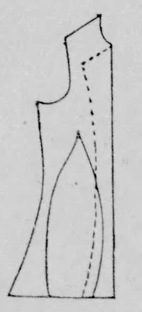
I will try and explain quilt pattern to "Disappointed." Commence the second row of leaves by making a stitch each side of the one stitch that is between the two rows of purling, and continue as in first row of leaves.—M. H. S.

Correspondence.

JEAN HUNT TELLS "A. ANTO" HOW SHE CAN MAKE A STYLISH DRESS FROM HER OLD ONE.—Rip up your dress, wash the goods carefully, and either dye it a seal brown or a dark green, with diamond dyes. Get two packages of the dye, tie it up loosely in a piece of cheese cloth, place in a bowl or bright tin, and pour a quart of hot or boiling water over the dye. Let it stand over night. Fill a large dish pan (or two is better) with boiling water; pour an equal portion of the dye into each pan, and put in the goods. Keep stirring and turning over the goods, so as to get all parts colored alike. I do this with two smooth sticks, about two feet long.

After the goods have boiled at least one-half hour, take them out into a tub of warm water. If your stove top is not large enough to put both pans on at once, do not put your goods into the second pan until it is on the stove and boiling hot, and boil each pan-full the same length of time.

After the goods has been pressed, it is ready to make up. A pretty, stylish and easily made suit is as follows: Cut a plain round skirt lining, face and bind it upon the edge; now cut the outside of the goods in a bell skirt, something like the following diagram. The dotted line is cut upon a fold of the goods, and is the center-front:



The top is fitted to the waist by six darts and it should almost meet together at the back. The back breadth should be plain, and dip a little; it is seamed to the front, and is laid in pleats that turn toward the center of the back.

A placket is hemmed in the center back of the lining, and the left side of the outside, is left down for a placket, and the back breadth put into a separate band.

For a medium sized person a skirt should measure about three yards at the bottom of the outside. Hem or face up the bottom of the skirt, and above the hem, run on black silk or wool passementerie, about 2 or 3 inches wide. Let it go around the entire skirt. One of the prettiest basques is cut very long, and is then slashed up so as to form six square tabs. The front is cut with a vest that goes in at the under arm and shoulder seams, while the outside is a cutaway coat, with one dart, and seams down the fronts. This outside is cut like the following diagram. The dart is

taken in this manner in order to make it stay in place. A high collar is used. Trim the revers, collar and sleeves with passementerie. The skirt will require three yards, and the basque about two and one-half yards of the passementerie, Use small tailor buttons (black) to button up the rest. Made in this way, your dress will be suitable for house and street. It will be well to look over some fashion magazine, as it is impossible to illustrate styles in these articles, and one look at a picture is easier understood than pages of description would be. Perhaps some one else could suggest something better.

Another pretty suit has a plain skirt, with the front and sides composed of four narrow gores and a full back. A pretty way to trim such a skirt is to place a row of narrow passementrie upon the seams. Almost any style of basque is stylish if it fits well, is long, has a high Medici collar and big sleeves. If for house wear, a pretty blouse or fancy waist would be appropriate. Passementerie, braids, feather trimmings, ribbon and bands of fur, or astrachan cloth, are stylish trimmings.—JEAN HUNT.

Correspondence Clippings.

In our church there is a society for helping the needy, and they receive old clothes gladly, but in most cases they are dyed and made over before being sent out. An old, light gray, man's suit was dyed a dark blue with diamond dyes, and was then made into a coat and two pairs of pants for a boy of 6 years. The scraps left over made several pretty and comfortable little caps. The society meets once in two weeks. I do most of the dyeing, as I like to do it, am always sure of success, and do not stain my hands. At present I am busy dyeing cheese cloth for a "rainbow festival." It is to be different from the usual ones, so I will tell about it if desired.

In a recent number of THE BLADE, in describing Nellie's tea-gown, I omitted to say that the skirt was lengthened by the letting down of the former hem, and a two-inch (when finished), pleating. I am afraid my readers thought when reading the article, that I was possessed of magic and stretched the goods until it was the desired length.

Can any one send a good recipe for golden sponge cake, that will not be tough and dry? I once ate some that almost melted in my mouth, it was so delicious.—JEAN HUNT.

We shall be very glad to hear about the "Rainbow social."—ED.

I have been a reader of THE BLADE 22 years, steady. How many remember Rosella Rice, one of our first Household writers? She also wrote under the name of "Bitsey Potts" and several other names. She has been dead three or four years. Is there not some one in the HOUSEHOLD who was personally acquainted with her that would tell us about her and her home? "Old Maid," I was much amused at your letter. The worst complaints and fault-findings I ever heard have been from married folks. I could add a few chapters myself, but will not, but will say this: When parents are going visiting, even to their nearest neighbors, they should take a basket with enough food in it to last the "lambs" until they get home again. Then when they "want a piece," the neighbors won't have to bother with them. No wonder some children are always ill, when their stomachs are always at work. Will some one tell me how to make a medley, with colored picture cards, and what to paste them on with? Cut your oyster cans on the flat side, and hammer the sharp edges down. It will make a nice dish to bake a small loaf of bread, or a custard in, or, best of all, for the little chickens to drink out of.—SARA.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me what is the matter with my bread? It will be soft and light the first day, but by the second day after it is baked, it is hard and crumbly, and looks so much darker color than at first. I use the best of flour, and compressed yeast. Have also tried adding potatoes, but it did not help it any.—MRS. B. S.

How much chicken and celery will be needed for a party of 100 persons, and how many oysters?—DELLA.

L. J. H. wishes that Mrs. Paris would send to the HOUSEHOLD her remedy for cramps.

Will some one tell me whether it is right and lawful, to open a public school by reading the Testament and repeating the Lord's prayer, or not?—CARROLL A. BURNAP.

Should I eat soup with the tip or side of my spoon? Will somebody tell me? Can some one tell me why my heliotrope loses its leaves? As soon as it is all leaved out, they turn black and die. Will Jean Hunt tell me what color a cinnamon brown cashmere will take, also how to make over a cream cashmere that I desire to dye green? It has plain skirt and full draperies and five yards of sash of surah satin. Please tell me what color to use for an olive green of light shade.—ALICE ARNETT.

Will some one give a sure cure for stammering and state why I don't stammer when I am reading aloud to myself?—SCHOOL-GIRL.

Will some one give directions for knitting gloves; also hoods, of Germantown or other worsteds?—ALICE.

Can any one tell me what will soften the palms of my hands? My skin is naturally soft. I notice when my hands are moist they are not so hard.—X. Y. Z.

Answers to Inquiries.

Josephine:—A "cake walk" is a favorite entertainment of the colored people in the South. A large, frosted cake is provided (sometimes in one way and sometimes in another), and those who enter the contest for it, must walk around a circle a given number of times, bearing a glass full of water on his or her head, and at a given signal, courtesy low, without spilling a drop of water. No one can accomplish this feat, without much practice in carrying burdens on their head, and in this the negroes excel all others, unless it is the German women.—ALICE W.

Mrs. J. T. S.:—A bruised spot or dent in furniture may be removed by applying a piece of coarse, brown paper, doubled five or six times, and soaked in water, to the spot, and holding on the paper a hot flat iron till the paper is dry. Some times two or three applications will be needed before the spot is raised to the proper level.—HOUSEKEEPER.

TRUSTEE:—Collection plates are made of brass or wood. Sometimes nickel plated metal is used. These cost from $5 to $7 apiece. Plates made of oak or walnut are more commonly used. These have a plush mat laid in the bottom, and on the wide rim of the plate is carved some appropriate motto, as, "God Loveth a Cheerful Giver," which is the one most commonly used. With the text carved, such a plate costs $5. The plain plate can be had for $3. Bronze plates are from $25 upward, and some churches receive the pennies and nickles on solid silver plates, costing from $30 upward.—EX-TRUSTEE.

To cure cramp in the limbs, or any part of the body, use veratrum. Buy at any homeopathic pharmacy 1 oz. of mother tincture of veratrum; it will cost you about 25 cents. Put 1 drop of this tincture in ¾ glassful of water, and take 1 teaspoonful when you retire at night, or any time when you feel a twinge of pain. This has been of untold benefit to me and to others of my family who have used it.—MRS. PARIS.

Recipes.

ALMOND SOUFFLE—Put ½ pt. of milk in a double boiler, and when it is hot, add 3 tablespoonfuls of corn starch rubbed smooth in 4 tablespoonfuls of cold milk, and cook till it thickens, stirring constantly in order that it may be smooth and creamy. Then add ¾ lb. of grated macaroons, take from the fire and add the well beaten whites of 5 eggs. Fill souffle cups ⅔s full of this mixture, stand them in a pan of boiling water for 20 minutes and serve immediately, with a light wine sauce, if desired.

TURNIP SALAD.—Pare and cut the turnips into small pieces, and cook them in salted water for 10 minutes. The water should always be boiling when turnips are put into it. Drain and cover with cold water until wanted; then drain again, and cover with the remoulade sauce, and serve.

REMOULADE SAUCE.—Rub the yolks of 2 hard boiled eggs to a paste with 2 tablespoonfuls of cream and 1 tablespoonful of olive oil. Then add gradually 1 grated onion; 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, ½ teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Pour this over the turnips, and serve on lettuce leaves. If preferred, all cream may be used.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Beat the yolks of 2 eggs and add 1 teaspoonful of onion juice; 1 teaspoonful of salt; 2 tablespoonfuls of cream; 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley; a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a dash of cayenne pepper, and 2 cupfuls of plain mashed potato. Heat the mixture thoroughly, and when cool, form into cylinders. Dip these first in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat. See that they are perfectly covered with both egg and bread crumbs, or else the potato will escape into the fat, and the appearance of the croquettes spoiled. This quantity will make twelve croquettes.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—(Requested) 1 qt. flower; 1 coffee cupful raisins; 1 teacupfuls currants; 1 teacupful chopped suet; 1 teacupful sugar; 1 teaspoonful salt; two teaspoonfuls baking powder and 2 teacupfuls of sweet milk. Cook in a bag, or in a double boiler 3 hours, do not let it stop boiling. This pudding can be made and set away till wanted for use. They can also be steamed either whole, or cut in slices as needed.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Imparts Renewed Strength
and vigor where there has been exhaustion.

HOME ENTERTAINMENTS.

DECORATION OF LUNCHEON TABLES

Arranged to Correspond With the Seasons—Games for Young and Old—About Edwin Arnold.

New fancies are constantly coming to the front in the way of entertainments, and the following described by the *Art Interchange* is a very pretty one: It was a luncheon party, and there were four tables, made to symbolize the four seasons. The first, or Spring table, was decorated entirely with apple green. The table cloth was white with a center piece of antique lace lined with green silk. A green majolica jar was filled with ferns and lilies of the valley. Then there were baskets at each end of the table with fresh green moss and violets interspersed. Corsage bouquets of lilies of the valley at each plate carried out the idea.

The Summer table was decked with roses, corn flowers and daisies, and single long-stemmed roses were placed at each plate.

The Autumn table was most gorgeous in coloring. Autumn leaves were used profusely and the table linen was embroidered with them. In the center of the table was a salver piled high with all kinds of fruits set in masses of the varied colored leaves.

The Winter table was decked with holly branches and laurel massed in the center, and over them was scattered frost powder so as to sparkle in the light. A larger part of the service was of glass and shining silver. The effect was very beautiful.

Of course anything so elaborate as this would take time and money, but it gives a hint of what might be done even with a single large table decorated so as to represent a single season. An autumn arrangement, for instance, would be very beautiful, especially in places where outside cold, snowy weather makes warmth and gay coloring inside so attractive.

Alphabetical Travels.

The current number of *Entertainment* describes this game, which may be made very amusing:

A game in which not a little ingenuity is required, and one in which old and young people may join, is that of alphabetical travels. Any number of persons may play. Each of the players who sit in a row, tells, in order, to what place he will travel and what he will do there, always using for principal words, such as nouns, adjectives and verbs, those beginning with a single letter of the alphabet. The first player takes A, the second B and so on, until all have letters. Thus the players, in order, may say:

"I am going to Africa to Ask an Arab for Apricots."

"I am going to Boston to Buy Baked Beans."

"I am going to California to Cut Curious Capers."

"I am going to Damascus to Dine on Delicious Doughnuts."

"I am going to England to Everlastingly Eat Eggs."

Anyone unable to give a sentence of this kind may be required to pay a forfeit, or a score may be kept, the successful ones being given a point. In this case the company may be divided into sides. The method of playing must be agreed upon beforehand, but with this outline of the game it will be a very easy matter for all alphabetical tourists to get considerable fun out of their travels.

Edwin Arnold.

Edwin Arnold, the author, poet and journalist, who appeared in Toledo last Saturday evening, at the Wheeler opera-house, to lecture for the Y. M. C. A. benefit, is the second son of Robert Coles Arnold. He was born June 10, 1832, was educated at the King's school, Rochester, and King's college, London, and was elected to a scholarship at University college, Oxford. In 1852 he obtained the Newdigate prize for his English poem on the "Feast of Belshazzar," and was selected in 1853 to address the late Earl of Derby on his installation as chancellor of the university. He graduated with honors in 1854.

Upon quitting college he was elected second master in the English division of King Edward the Sixth's school, Birmingham, and subsequently appointed principal of the government Sanscrit college at Poona, in the Bombay presidency, and fellow of the University of Bombay, which offices he held during the twelve years, and resigned in 1861, having twice received the thanks of the governor in council.

He has contributed largely to critical and literary journals, and is the author of "Griselda, a Drama," and "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical;" with some prose works, among which are: "Education in India," "The Euterpe of Herodotus,"—a translation from the Greek text, with notes—"The Hitopadesa's," with vocabulary in Sanskrit, English and Marratti.

Since 1861 he has been upon the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. On behalf of the proprietors of that journal he arranged the first expedition of Mr. George Smith to Assyria, as well as that of Mr. Henry Stanley.

He is a fellow of the Royal Asiatic and the Royal Geographical societies of London, and Honorable Correspondent of that of Marseilles. He published in 1874, "Hero and Leander," a translation in heroic verse from the Greek of Musæus; and in the following year, "The Indian Song of Songs," being a metrical paraphrase from the Sanskrit of the Gita Govinda of Jayadeva. Upon the occasion of the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India, Jan. 1, 1877, he was named a Companion of the Star of India.

In 1879 he produced "The Light of Asia," an epic poem upon the life and teaching of Buddha, which has since passed through more than 40 editions in England and America. For this work the King of Siam decorated him with the Order of the White Elephant. In 1881 he published a volume of Oriental verse under the title of "Indian Poetry."

Mr. Arnold received the Second Class of the Imperial Order of the Medjidie from the Sultan in 1876 and the Imperial Order of Osmanie in 1888. In January, 1888, he was created by Queen Victoria Knight commander of the Indian Empire.

His most recent works, the "Light of the World" and "Seas and Lands," are too well known to need more than a mere mention.

—It is a great misfortune for the young and middle-aged to be gray. To overcome this and appear young, use Hall's Hair Renewer, a reliable panacea.

BIRDS OF ILL-OMEN.

Superstitions Concerning Some of the Feathered Fraternity.

In many parts of Saxony the peasants will not raise chickens, even though they could double their investment many fold. They call the male of the barnyard fowl the "bird of ill-omen," from a notion that "he crowed for joy" at the time of the crucifixion.

The majority of sailors on the Atlantic ocean religiously believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American coast. Ornithologists say that under favorable conditions the frigate bird will make 200 miles an hour.

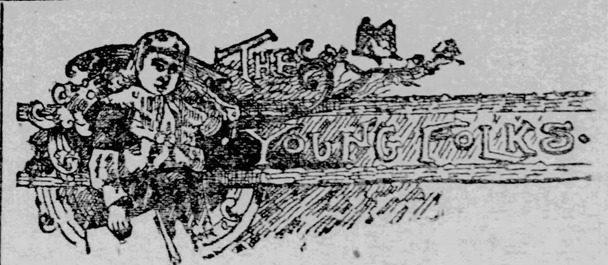
In Sweden the turtle dove is looked upon as sacred. The Swedes call it "God's bird" and "Noah's bird," from a notion that it is the same species of bird that the commander of the ark sent out to bring back tidings of a receding flood.

In France the quail is called the "bird of prophecy;" this from an idea that the number of his calls foretells the price of wheat. If he calls twice without resting the farmers expect but 2f. per bushel for their grain; if the bird calls four times, they expect to realize twice the price which two calls insure.

In olden times a bird called a "phœnix" was thought to live in the deserts of Arabia. His lease of life was said to be 500 years, at the end of which time he built a nest of spices and fanned it into a flame with his wings. The flame reduced the bird to ashes, out of which he sprang to live another 500 years. Richardson says that he had 50 orifices in his beak, through which he sang melodious airs.

Children Tease for It.

Dr. Horse's Certain Croup Cure relieves coughs, colds and croup at once. It is pleasant to take; children like it. No opium. No nausea. 50 cts.



For the Young Folks.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MYRTLE M'KINNEY.

The love I give thee, darlings,
So far beyond compare,
From feet so soft and dainty,
To locks of silken hair,

No wealth of all the nations,
No jewels from the mine,
No coffers full of treasures,
Drawn from the ocean's brine,

No crown of any kingdom,
However rich it be,
Could buy my precious children;
Could take them 'way from me.

I could not spare my Sterling,
For he is "papa's boy;"
And grandma's "willing helper,"
And mamma's "little joy."

Nor could I give up Hazel,
Our "little woman," neat,
The house would be so lonely
Without her pattering feet.

Nor yet this latest treasure,
Our Fay—our baby girl,
We could not spare her, either,
For strings or glistening pearl.

I wish my cherished darlings,
Thy hearts would always be,
Forever warm and tender,
And robed in purity.

I wish thy eyes so truthful,
Now looking into mine,
Could always keep their clearness,
With innocence to shine.

I hope thy feet so tender,
Will never stray aside,
Into the haunts of evil,
Or halls of sinful pride.

I pray thy lips may never,
Blaspheme God's holy name,
May never utter falsely,
Or bring the blush of shame.

O, blessings on my children!
May they ne'er feel or know,
The pangs of cold or hunger,
The misery of woe.

O, may they grow in wisdom,
As they increase in years,
And follow One's example
Who calmed all doubts and fears.

HONORS TO THE FLAG.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

No doubt most boys and girls have met with the words, "Serving the flag;" but I dare say that few of them know how literally the phrase expresses the sentiments of army and navy officers. They do not talk much about it, usually; but they have, away down in their hearts, a deep veneration for their country's colors; and they do what they can to impress the feeling on the men who serve under them. I read in a newspaper not long ago an interesting anecdote of that splendid old soldier and gentleman, Gen. Sherman. An officer at West Point told the newspaper correspondent that when he was a cadet Gen. Sherman visited the post, and, of course, reviewed the battalion. "I was in the color-guard," said the officer, "and when the general, passing dow the line, came to the flag, he uncovered his head, bowed low, and his face wore an expression of deepest reverence. This act of veneration by the stern old soldier taught us cadets a lesson that we can never forget."

Boys who have attended military schools will know what the color-guard is, but perhaps some of my young readers will not know. The color-guard is a small body of picked men, sergeants and corporals chiefly, who are stationed on each side of and behind the color-sergeant. The color-guard never leaves the flag in action, and never does any fighting until the last reserves are called upon. Their business is to stand by the flag and prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Aboard ship, one of the things that used to be done in the good old days of wooden frigates was to nail the colors to the mast. Hauling down the colors in a naval fight is the sign of surrender. When they are nailed to the mast they cannot be hauled down; the mast must be shot away, or the vessel sunk before the colors can be lowered.

It is in ceremonies of various kinds that the honors to the flag are most frequently shown. A may-of war visiting a foreign port will run up the flag of the country she is visiting, and salute it with a certain number of guns. This is a pretty custom, but it is doing an honor to some one else's flag, not to our own. Sometimes this honor is done under compulsion; that is, when one country is exacting an apology from another. The commanding officer of a fleet, lying in front of an enemy's town, may demand that the forts on the shore run up the flag of the country whence the fleet comes, and honor it with a national salute. This sort of thing, however, belongs to the eve of hostilities.

I am not so familiar with the customs of the army in regard to the flag; but in the navy I know they are admirable, and decidedly worthy of emulation in civil life. You may perhaps know that the flag of a ship does not float during the night. It is taken in at sunset; and I think the little ceremony which attends the hauling down of the ensign at sunset is one of the prettiest in existence. The first time I ever saw it I was sitting on the quarter-deck of the U. S. S. Yantic, conversing with three of her officers. We had been dining together, and were enjoying the cool evening breeze under the awning. I knew that it was nearly time for "evening colors," and I was anxious to see whether the ceremony in the navy was different from that aboard the first-class yacht. I speedily learned that there was a difference.

A few minutes before sundown a bugle-call sounded from the flag-ship, and the call was immediately repeated by the buglers of the other ships of the squadron.

"What is that?" I asked.

"That's 'stand by the colors,'" said one of the officers.

Two sailors came aft, cast off the ensign halyards, and stood by with their eyes on the flag-ship. In a few moments we heard bugles calling again; for you must know that on board ship many of the commands are conveyed by a few musical notes upon the bugle. A marine came aft and, saluting, said:

"Haul down, sir!"

"All right," said the officer of the deck. "Sound off."

At that order the bugler of the Yantic blew the lovely call, "Evening Colors." The moment he sounded the first note the officers rose from their chairs, faced the colors, took of their caps, and stood silent, in respectful attitudes, while the two seamen slowly hauled down the colors, slowly bringing them in over the rail as the call came to an end. When the colors reached the deck and were gathered in by the seamen, and the last note of the bugle died away, the officers put on their caps, resumed their seats and went on with their conversation, Raising the cap in honor of the colors is the common form of salute in the navy. When an officer comes up from below he always lifts his cap in the direction of the quarter-deck; and all boys should remember, when visiting a man-of-war, that the proper thing to do when you go on board is to turn toward the stern of the ship, where the ensign always flies at the taffrail staff, and raise the hat. If the officer of the deck sees you he will return the salute; but whether any one is on the quarter-deck or not, always raise your hat when you go aboard. The salute is to the flag, not to any person, and surely every American boy ought to be proud to lift his hat to the flag of his country.

The ceremony of making "evening colors," which I have described, is also conducted at army posts. I have seen it only at West Point. There it is done at dress parade, which takes place at 5:30 p. m. Perhaps some of my readers have never seen a dress-parade. The battalion of cadets is drawn up in a line of two ranks, facing the west side of the plain. Each company in succession is brought to an order arms, and then to a parade rest. Next the band marches from its position at the right of the line to left, passing in front of the men and back again. On returning to the right of the line, the band stops and the buglers play "Retreat," or "Evening Colors." The same call is used in both army and navy. At the end of the call a gun is fired and the flag is hauled down. After that, the adjutant forms the battalion in open order and turns it over to the officer in charge, who put the men through a short drill in the manual of arms. When this has been done, the adjutant orders the first sergeants to the front and center, where they make their report of "all present or accounted for." When they return to their places, the adjutant says, "Parade dismissed," and all commissioned officers sheathe their swords. They then form in rank in the center and march forward together. They halt in front of the officer in charge, salute, and move away. The first sergeants then march the companies to their quarters at double-time.

It is a very pretty ceremony, and is one of the most picturesque sights that we can see; but it never impressed me so deeply as that simple reverence to the colors shown at sunset aboard the Yantic.

I have told you about these ceremonies to show you how much importance professional soldiers and sailors attach to the outward demonstration of respect for their country's flag, because I think every one of us ought to emulate their example. As H. C. Bunner says, in his poem to the "Old Flag:"

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're none enough for a tear in your eye
That will not wipe away.
—[St. Nicholas.

ABOUT TWO GOOD ANIMALS.

BY A LOVER OF THEM.

What a large world this is, and how many animals are on it! Did you, my readers, ever stop to consider it? Just think of the vast numbers that roam over our land in all directions. The noblest animal on the face of this earth to-day, is the horse. He stands without a rival in the field against him. And there is no animal more abused than the horse is. You will see them anywhere on the streets so poor that it is a wonder how they ever stand up. And often their masters are well able to care for them better. Again, they may be fed well, but are on the road day after day, with no rest only at night. It is not so much in the working of them as it is in the way they are worked. Load him light, and above all, do not keep him on the run up hill and down.

I hear some one say: "All bosh, what is a horse made for if it isn't to work?" Just put yourself in your horse's place, and see how you would like it. I think your mind would undergo a decided change. Be merciful to your beast, and he will repay you.

Hark! there's another voice that says: "Well, I would like to have whoever wrote that piece tend to my horse awhile." My friend, there are stubborn horses I know. And, many a horse has been made stubborn by its master. It is the truth, too, that women are as cruel to horses as men. If they get one, they want to outrun every other they see. And another thing, they uphold the men in fast driving.

Another animal to be considered is the cow. A person never makes anything by starving or ill-treating his stock. We have one cow that, when we got her, you could hardly get near her. She is real tame now. Children can go all around her when she is loose in the lot. There are exceptions, I know, where cattle are ugly. But don't whip them, for I do not believe all the whipping in the world would alter them in the least. So I repeat again, be merciful to your beasts. There will come a time when we will all be arraigned for our misdeeds. And in the Recorder's book, every time we have misused even the smallest of God's creatures will be written against us.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We belong to the finny tribe, and live principally in ponds or lakes. Our former home was in the waters of Central Europe, and the corresponding latitudes of Asia; but on account of our value as food, we have long been naturalized in most of the civilized countries. No other fish, except our cousins, the gold fish, have been so much transported by man from one place to another. We feed chiefly on aquatic plants, though wor

News of the Week.

THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON.

STATEMENT OF THE PUBLIC DEBT.

Over Two and a Half Millions Decrease During the Month of November.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—The public debt statement of November shows that the net decrease of the interest and non-interest bearing debt during the month of November was $2,570,789.59. The total cash in the treasury is $748,356,700.19. Following is a recapitulation:

	Nov. 30, '91.	Oct. 31, '91.
INTEREST BEARING DEBT.		
Bonds at 4½ per cent	$	$ .....
Bonds at 4½ continued at 2 per cent	25,364,500	25,364,500
Bonds at 4 per cent	559,573,650	559,573,150
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	88,720	89,070
Totals	$ 585,026,870	$ 685,026,720
Increase	150	.....
Debt on which interest has ceased since maturity	5,279,770	6,209,230
Decrease	929,460	.....
Debt bearing no interest	387,323,345	389,074,025
Decrease	1,640,679	.....
Aggregate of interest and non-interest bearing debt	977,739,986	980,309,976
Decrease	2,570,139	.....
Certificates and treasury notes offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury	560,221,709	560,879,410
Increase	6,842,709	.....
Aggregate of debt, including certificates and treasury notes	$1,546,961,695	$1,540,689,386
CASH IN THE TREASURY.		
Gold coin	$ 193,412,689	
Bars	78,430,504	
	$271,843,193	
Silver dollars	$ 348,191,920	
Subsidiary coin	14,399,584	
Bars	49,794,391	
Trade dollar bars	522,534	
	$ 412,898,340	
Paper:		
Legal tender notes (old issue)	$ 13,316,706	
Treasury notes of 1890	1,976,366	
Gold certificates	19,302,170	
Silver certificates	3,401,308	
Currency certificates	370,000	
National bank notes	4,841,724	
	$ 43,108,305	
Other bonds, interest and coupons paid, awaiting reimbursement	$ 38,539	
Minor coin and fractional currency	324,202	
Deposits in national bank depositories, general account	16,363,879	
Disbursing officers' balances	8,820,138	
Total	$ 20,505,910	
Aggregate		$ 748,356,750
DEMAND LIABILITIES.		
Gold certificates	$ 161,852,139	
Silver certificates	324,274,918	
Currency certificates	10,135,000	
Treasury notes of 1890	72,959,652	
	$ 569,221,709	
Fund for redemption of uncurrent national bank notes	$ 6,580,510	
Outstanding checks and drafts	8,747,625	
Disbursing officers' balances	24,834,677	
Agency accounts, etc	6,015,109	
	$ 46,008,123	
Gold reserve	$ 100,000,000	
Net cash balance	29,126,917	
	$ 135,126,917	
Aggregate		$ 748,356,750
Cash balance in the treasury Oct. 31, 1891		129,671,920
Cash balance in the treasury, Nov. 30, 1891		129,126,917
Decrease during the month		$ 545,002

HE ONLY NEEDS A LITTLE REST.

Secretary Foster's Illness is not Serious Notwithstanding Contrary Reports.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—Unless Surgeon General Hamilton is a bird and thereby, according to Sir Boyle Roche, capable of being in two places at the same time, the report that he has been summoned from Chicago to attend Secretary Foster here is untrue. Dr. Hamilton came to Washington about ten days ago and he is still here. He came to look after some property. After transacting the business he paid a visit to Secretary Foster, who asked him to diagnose his case. And he did so. Whereupon Secretary Foster requested him to attend him every day during his stay. And this Dr. Hamilton has done. The secretary is not critically ill, according to the doctor.

"I saw him yesterday morning," said the doctor, "and he was better than he was Wednesday. All he needs is a little rest to be fit for active service. He keeps his room, but not his bed, and transacts considerable business with the heads of the department who visit him.

INSTALLING JEWISH EMIGRANTS.

Thousands of Poor Families Sent to the Argentine Republic.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The bureau of the American Republics is informed that the work of installing the Jewish emigrants sent to the Argentine Republic by the munificence of Baron Hirsch, is being actively carried on. A branch railway has been constructed from the main line to what is known as the Mauricio colony, in which the Hebrews are being established, and 200 families are now already comfortably settled, and engaged in the cultivation of the soil. One thousand additional families are reported to be on their way from Europe, and it is proposed to bring them hereafter at the rate of 1,000 families per month.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"PROMPT AND PERMANENT!"

THE PECULIAR EFFECTS OF
ST. JACOBS OIL
Are Its Prompt and Permanent Cures.

RHEUMATISM.—Jan. 17, 1888, GEORGE C. OSGOOD & CO., Druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote: "MR. LEWIS DENNIS, 136 Moody St., desires to say: 'ORRIN ROBINSON, a boy of Graniteville, Mass., came to his house in 1881, walking on crutches; his leg was bent at the knee for two months. Mr. Dennis gave him St. Jacobs Oil to rub it. In six days he had no use for his crutches and went home cured without them. Lowell, Mass., July 6, '87: "The cripple boy ORRIN ROBINSON, cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, has remained cured. The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor." DR. GEORGE C. OSGOOD.

LAMEBACK.—Aberdeen, S. Dak., Sept. 26, 1888: Suffered several years with chronic stitch in the back; was given up by doctors. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. HERMAN SCHWAYGEL.

NEURALGIA.—Bethany, Mo., Aug. 4, 1888: Suffered for years with neuralgia, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. T. B. SHERER.

SPRAINS.—Constantine, Mich., Feb. 16, 1887: "Was troubled 30 years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from other remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about 14 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years." D. M. REARICK.

BRUISES.—769 Dolphin St., Balto., Md., Jan. 18, 1890: I fell down the back stairs of my residence in the darkness, and was bruised badly in my hip and side; suffered severely. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me. WM. C. HARDEN, Member of State Legislature.

THE POSTOFFICE REPORT.

Excellent Results Accomplished by Mr. Wanamaker, Who Urges the Adoption of the Telephone as a Department Auxiliary.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The postmaster-general's annual report, which has been made public, shows that, in spite of the fact that over $1,000,000 worth of lottery revenue has been lost during the past year, the postal deficit of $3,000,000 is surely disappearing, provided the same rate of revenue and expenses obtains on July 1, 1893.

Foreign Mails Expedited.

The postmaster general recounts the successes of the ocean postoffices, which quicken all incoming foreign mails received at New York from two hours to a week, and recommends the employment of a postoffice steam tug to ply in New York harbor, between arriving steamers and the Jersey City and up-town ferries, so that several hours, perhaps a day in some cases, may be saved. He recommends private indemnity for lost registered mail, showing how cheap it would be to the department from the fact that only one piece out of every 12,000 or more of registered mail is lost. It is shown by figures

The postmaster-general renews his recommendation for the division of the country into postal districts, and adduces many reasons why the reform would be beneficial. He shows that the county seat visitations have resulted in the submission of 2,100 reports out of the possible 2,800, and that the condition of 45,000 offices is covered.

The Telephone Recommended.

The postmaster general recommends this year the adaptation of the telephone, as well as the telegraph, to the postal system, showing that it is not only the constitutional privilege, but the duty of Congress, to utilize all the means of modern science for quickening the transmission of intelligence.

Mr. Wanamaker believes in the full parcels post, but does not recommend it at present. He urges the abolition of personal suretyships of postmasters, as they are too frequently under obligations, which damage the service. He proposes to extend the money order system everywhere. It appears that nearly 8,000 miles of additional railway post-office service have been established, 1,800 miles in the Pacific coast states, 3,500 in the other Western states, 2,400 in the Southern states, and about 1,000 in the Northern states. Special attention was given to the Pacific states in reorganizing old routes to meet the rapidly changing centers of business and population, in strengthening old lines, in establishing new ones, in transferring service from steamboats to railroads, and maintaining the closest supervision of the whole service of the coast.

Mr. Wanamaker describes the pneumatic tube system of Berlin and London, and strongly recommends their adoption in this country. He insists that they would pay, and records several attempts at beginning such a service.

The rural free delivery experiment is on trial in 46 communities. In appendix A appears a tabulated statement showing a total increase of gross receipts in 39 of the 46 experimental free delivery offices amounting to $6,213.49, and a total decrease of gross receipts in seven of the offices amounting to $707.80. This leaves a balance of $5,505.10 of increase of gross receipts.

Numberless arguments why this service ought to be continued and enlarged are adduced, and it is shown how much similar efforts to extend the free delivery in the country are to be made along star routes and by means of suburban electric roads. Mr. Wanamaker recommends the passage of a bill to entitle towns of a population between 5,000 and 9,999 to the free delivery, and shows that the special delivery service in cities has increased one-third this year over the average of the last four years. He argues strenuously for postal savings.

Another plan, quite simple and thoroughly practical, would be to issue at the postoffice non-negotiable certificates of postal deposit in sums of $10, $20, $50 and $100, bearing interest at the rate of half a cent a day on the dollar ($1.82 1-2 per year) after the first of the month following the date of deposit, and the principal and interest payable on demand at any money order office by proper indorsement and identification under regulations of the postmaster general. The money deposited in each state to be reinvested, so far as possible, in the same state in school or municipal bonds by the postmaster general, subject to the approval of the secretary of the treasury.

1-Cent Postage.

The postmaster-general recommends the abolition of box rents at free delivery offices in small places, urges the erection of smaller and more useful public buildings, and says on the 1-cent postage question:

I have heretofore pointed out what 1-cent postage will cost the government. Let me repeat it, briefly, in the light of the most recent figures. According to a careful estimate, based on the count of mail matter made in 1890, there passed through the mails during the year ended June 30, 1891, the following pieces of letter mail, to-wit:

To reduce letter postage to a uniform rate of 1 cent means exactly that the department will lose one-half of this amount of receipts. One-half would be $20,716,024.75.

I have heretofore stated that 1-cent postage will be successfully demanded in time. I believe that time is not far off. It certainly ought not to be asked for so long as any deficit appears in the revenues of the postal service; and here I wish to reiterate the further statement that in my judgment it ought not to be asked for then until many improvements and extensions of the service are provided for. It would not be just and fair to a service upon which every effort has been spent for two years to make it self-sustaining, and which now promises to become so in the next fiscal year, to heap upon it, the instant the balance sheet becomes clear, a burden of millions, from which it could not recover for many years, and with the existence of which it would have to struggle year by year, and then often unsuccessfully, to obtain the aprobation absolutely required for its maintenance.

OUR NEW SHIPS.

We'll Soon be in Position to Make the Sassy Little Republic Eat Crow and a Good Deal of It.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7.—As foreshadowed in previous press dispatches, orders have been issued directing Acting Rear Admiral Walker to proceed at the earliest practical moment with the Chicago, Atlanta and Bennington to Brazilian waters and assume command of the South Atlantic station. These vessels are now at Hampton Roads. Rear Admiral Walker was at the Navy department Saturday making the final arrangements. He joined the squadron yesterday and expects to haul anchor to-night. The only cause for delay will be in getting a number of long-time service men to replace those on the Chicago, whose terms expire within the next few months. Telegrams were sent to the principal recruiting rendezvous to send all available recruits at once to that vessel. If her crew is not completed it will be made up from the Newark, which has been detached from the squadron of evolution and will probably be assigned to Rear Admiral Gherardi's fleet in the West Indies.

The main purpose in sending these additional vessels to the South Atlantic is unquestionabl on account of the Chile affair. The Brazilian troubles are of secondary importance, but offered a sufficiently convenient excuse for getting an additional naval force within easy reach of Chile. The squadron will rendevous at Montevideo, Uruguay, the present headquarters of the South Atlantic station. This being the yellow fever period in Brazil, the fleet will steer as clear as possible from that coast. Rear-Admiral Walker's only stop in Brazil will be at Bahia, unless some trouble should arise requiring his presence at Rio. From the former port he will go far out to sea, and will not stop again until he reaches Montevideo. Upon his arrival there he will assume command of the station. His fleet will then comprise five vessels—the Chicago, Atlantic, Bennington, Yantic and Essex. Once at Montevideo, these vessels will be within easy reach of Chile and at the same time be on hand to look after interests in Brazil should any rupture occur.

It is not going too far to say that the administration is now pretty well convinced that a satisfactory answer will not be made by Chile to the demand for indemnity, and that these vessels may soon be needed to join in a demonstration for bringing Chile to her proper senses. The President, it is understood, will take a pretty firm stand in his message on this Chilean matter. The subject was discussed at great length at the Cabinet meeting Saturday, resulting in the approval of the position taken by the President, which, in effect, means that the administration is prepared to insist upon its demand for full reparation and an apology if Congress sees fit to authorize a resort to extreme measures.

The present movement in sending Admiral Walker's fleet to the South Atlantic is in a measure anticipatory of Congressional action in the matter. Should it be decided to use moral persuasion in bringing about the desired end, there is little doubt that Admiral Walker would be sent to Chilean waters and placed in command of all the forces that could be concentrated there.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Most of the Report Taken Up With a Comprehensive Review of the Recent Outrages in Chile.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The report of the secretary of the Navy is a voluminous document, the leading features of which embrace the new construction of war vessels and the troubles with Chili.

During the past year four new vessels have been placed in commission, making a total number of thirteen since March 4, 1889.

The vessels remaining under construction, with the acts authorizing them, are as follows: Act of August 3, 1886: Puritan, Amphitrite, Monadnock, Terror, Maine, Texas; act of March 3, 1887: Monterey; act of September 7, 1888: New York, cruiser No. 6; Cincinnati, (No. 7); Raleigh (No. 8); No. 9, Detroit (No. 10); No. 11 and the practice vessel; act of March 2, 1889: harbor defense ram, gunboat No. 5, gunboat No. 6; act of June 30, 1890: Indiana, Massachusetts, Oregon, protected cruiser No. 12, torpedo cruiser, torpedo boat No. 2.

Act of March 2, 1891; Protected cruiser No. 13.

All the above vessels, with the exception of the torpedo cruiser, are making rapid and substantial progress.

The secretary then proceeds to give a minute description of each of these vessels, and of the ordnance and material necessary for their full equipment.

The Secretary then goes into the matter of the attack on the Baltimore's crew in the streets of Valparaiso, the chase of the Itata, etc., all of which is known to the public.

THE PRESIDENT

Sends a Letter of Instructions to Heads of the Several Executive Departments.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—The President has sent the following letter of instructions to the heads of the several executive departments of the government.

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., Dec. 4, 1891.

SIR:—In my message to the first session of the Fifty-first Congress I said: "I have suggested to the heads of the executive departments that they consider whether a record might not be kept in each bureau of all those elements that are covered by the terms 'faithfulness' and 'efficiency,' and a rating made showing the relative merits of the clerks of each class, that rating to be regarded as a test of merit in making promotions.

It is intended to make provision for carrying into effect the stipulations of the civil service law in relation to promotions in the classified service. To that end the rule requiring compulsory examination has been rescinded. In my opinion, the examination for promotion of those who present themselves should be chiefly, if not wholly, upon their knowledge of the work of the bureau or department to which they belong and the record of efficiency made by them during their previous service. I think the records of efficiency kept from day to day, should be open to the inspection of the clerks. Very respectfully yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

Secretary Foster is Improving.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—Secretary Foster is slowly gaining strength, and was able to walk across his room yesterday. The President has called on him nearly every day since he was taken sick, and in other ways showed a deep respect in his case.

The People's Party in Kansas Will Not Affiliate With the Democrats.

TOPEKA, Kan., Dec. 2.—The People's Party Central committee yesterday gave to the public an address of 5,000 words. A large part of the address is taken up with the old-time wail of distress, but announcement is boldly made that the People's party intends to organize as a political institution, "and use all legitimate means for our success."

Bad Railway Wreck.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 5.—A northbound passenger train on the Louisville, New Orleans & Texas railroad, left the track near Evansville, Miss., this morning, ran along the ties for 150 feet and onto a trestle over a bayou. This gave way, and the train, consisting of two day coaches, one Pullman sleeper and two baggage cars, was precipitated 80 feet into the bayou, which is partially filled with water. It is not known if any were killed, but the following are known to have been injured: George Marr, L. J. Thomas, conductor, Peter Godney, Amy Holmes, E. T. Robertson, S. P. Williams, C. Remington, Alfred Carr and Thomas Carr.

A relief train, carrying railroad men, helpers, and four physicians, left about 10 o'clock for the scene of the wreck. Evansville is 41 miles south of this city.

Every saloon in El Paso, Tex., was closed Monday by the county attorney, acting under instructions from Governor Hogg.

A company is to be organized in Kansas City, Kas., for the purpose of locating towns and homes in the Cherokee strip.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE NEW YORK.

Fifteen Thousand People Watch the Pride of Our Navy as She Gracefully Glides Into the Rippling Water.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 2.—The United States armored cruiser New York was launched this afternoon from the yard of the Cramp Shipbuilding company, in the presence of 15,000 people, included among whom were the secretaries of the navy, treasury and interior departments; United States senators, congressmen, high naval officials and representative business and professional men from all parts of the country. Miss Helen Page, daughter of J. Seaver Page, secretary of the Union League club of New York, broke the traditional bottle of wine upon the great steel ram of the cruiser as she slid from her wooden cradle into the Delaware river, and christened her New York.

For weeks past preparations have been making by the Messrs. Cramp for today's launch. Unusual interest has been excited in the construction of No. 283, as the cruiser has been known at the yard until to-day, by reason of the vessel marking an era in the annals of American shipbuilding. When the New York is finished she will be the most formidable cruising vessel that has ever flown the stars and stripes, and in addition she is the largest and most powerfully engined steamship ever built outside of European shipyards. If the designs of her builders are fulfilled there is nothing afloat to-day of her class that will be able to steam from her or to engage with her with any great hopes of victory. Although essentially

A Commerce Destroyer,

the New York will be able to hold her own with all but the heaviest line of battle ships, and return shot for shot with them in action. The New York is the especial pride of Secretary Tracy, and he has watched her rise from the ways with an interest that no other vessel in the navy has excited in him. It was for all these reasons that the Messrs. Cramp determined that the New York should make her initial plunge into her native element in the presence of the most distinguished assemblage that ever gathered in this country to witness a launch.

The New York, though not exactly a sister of the Maine and Texas, recently launched from the Brooklyn and Norfolk navy yaads respectively, has many features in common with these vessels. She will carry a battery of six 8-inch breech loading rifles, twelve 4-inch rapid fire guns, eight 6-pounders, four Gatlings and six torpedo tubes. Two of the 8-inch guns are mounted on a barbette forward on the upper deck and two on a similiar barbette aft, while the remaining two will be carried in broadside amidships on the upper deck.

Following are the principal dimensions, etc., of the New York: Length on the water line, 380 feet, 6.5 inches; breadth of beam, 64 feet; mean draught, 23 feet, 3.5 inches; displacement, 8,150 tons; maximum speed, 20 knots; sustained sea speed, 18.5 knots; complement of officers and men, 475; coal endurance (total capacity), 13,000 miles.

The New York will be 1,500 tons heavier than the Maine, and 1,850 tons heavier than the Texas. Compared with English ships of the Agamemnon, Ajax and Warspite class, the New York is faster by three knots than the swiftest of these vessels, and her radius of action is 6,000 miles greater. She has the advantage also in broadside and turret armor; which, being of nickel steel, will offer greater resistance. Though the English guns may be a trifle larger than those of the New York, our superior maneuvering equalizes our fighting range, and the 8-inch American gun has demonstrated itself to be fully as effective as the 9.2-inch gun of the English within a range of 2,500 yards. On the broadside, the New York will be protected by armor and water-excluding material and a complete protective deck. This armor will be distributed as follows: At the sides the protective deck will 4 feet 9 inches below the water amidships, and 1 foot above when the vessel is at a mean draught of 23 feet three inches. This will be covered with two courses of plating having a thickness of three inches amidships and 2½ inches forward and aft. Amidships the slopes are covered with an additional thickness of three inches, and the entire space between this and the skin of the ship is filled in with cellulose to exclude the water. In the wake of the machinery spaces a belt of thin armor is worked between the protective and both decks.

The total thickness of metal on the sides throughout this space is five inches. In addition to this protection

A Large Supply of Coal

will be stowed on the armor deck, forming an additional safeguard against serious damage near the water line.

The barbettes on which the 8-inch guns will be mounted are ten inches thick, and the conical revolving shields on the guns seven inches. The sloping armor between the upper and gun decks beneath the barbettes is five inches and the ammunition tubes before the conning tower will be also protected by partial barbettes two inches thick. In the secondary battery, the 4-inch rapid fire guns will be mounted in armored sponsons, four inches thick with protective shields closely covering the ports. One torpedo tube will be fixed in the bow, one in the stern and two on each broadside, all above the water line. The 8-inch and 4-inch guns are 25 and 16½ feet respectively above the water line. In addition to the protective deck, the New York will have three other complete decks, a large flying deck or bridge, upon which all of her boats will be carried, and two military masts which will be fitted with tops for machine guns. Having a free board of 20 feet from the water to the upper deck, she will be able to fight her guns and maintain her speed in seaway that would render smaller ships helpless.

The New York will be a twin screw vessel propelled by four separate engines, each having a power of 4,500 horse-power. Two of those will work the shaft for the port. The engines will be so arranged that they will be disconnected, allowing the vessel to cruise under half power. Steam will be furnished by six boilers, heated by eight furnaces. In addition to these there will be two auxilliary boilers above the protective deck. Both the main and auxilliary boilers will be fitted with draught under forced draught on the air-tight fire room system. The electric light plant will have a capacity of 10,000 amperes, and will include 7,000 incandescent lights. In addition there will also be four search lights 30 inces in diameter, all of which can be controlled from the bridge.

THAT BOUNDARY LINE QUESTION.

Superintendent Mendenhall Makes His Report to the Governor.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 4.—(Special.)—Superintendent T. C. Mendenhall, of the coast and geodetic survey, made a report to Gov. Campbell this morning on the Indiana and Ohio boundary now in question. As a result of this investigation the assumed boundary line is about one mile too far to the east of Butler, Ind., and about three-quarters in the same direction at Union City. It is a zig-zag line deflecting too far to the east.

Terrible Wreck on the N. Y. & N. E. Railroad.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 4.—Special dispatches to the *Gazette* from Webster say that a terrible wreck occurred on the New York & New England railroad at East Thompson at 6 o'clock this morning, caused by a collision of the South-bridge freight with an eastbound freight going over the westbound track.

The long Island express was passing on the other track at the time and all three trains are piled up together. Engineer Tabor, of the Boston train, and his fireman are reported killed; one passenger on the Pullman is reported burned to death, and many are injured.

The cars almost immediately took fire and engines and doctors have been summoned from all adjacent points. The accident is said to have been due to an open switch.

Three Gravel Train Men Killed and Several Others Wounded.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4.—The 4 o'clock express on the Bound Brook road from New York yesterday afternoon, collided with a gravel train near Flemington, N. J., and killed three employes who were in the caboose. Seven others were wounded.

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A few additional Announcements are presented below. The full Prospectus of Notable Features for 1892 will be sent on application.

Several Special Articles.

Street Arabs of London. Personal experiences with them; by the wife of the African Explorer, Mrs. Henry M. Stanley.
Among the Irish Peasantry. A new and original View of their Characteristics, by Justin McCarthy, M. P.
A Russian Artist's Boyhood. A Story of unusual reminiscences, by the Russian painter, Vasili Verestchagin.
Incidents on Sketching Tours; by the painter of the "Return of the Mayflower" and other celebrated pictures, Geo. H. Boughton, R. A.
How to Entertain an Audience. A method illustrated by both humorous and pathetic stories; by Frank Hopkinson Smith.
The Mothers of Illustrious Men; by Gen. James Grant Wilson. **The Mysteries of Modern Magic;** by Geo. O. Bechtel

Popular Science.

The Air we Breathe and the Water we Drink, Sir Lyon Playfair.
Popular Mistakes about Snakes. Mistakes about Indians. Errors corrected by a Naturalist, Prof. H. W. Henshaw.
The Climate of the Moon. The Boyhood of Sir Wm. Hamilton. A Snow-Storm on Mars. Agnes M. Clerke.

Southern Stories.

The Stories of Southern Life will be a marked feature of THE COMPANION during the year 1892. Among the authors may be mentioned:

Julia Magruder. Elizabeth W. Bellamy. Kate Chopin.
Mrs. M. E. M. Davis. Will Allen Dromgoole. W. N. Harben
and the late Mrs. Marie B. Williams.

Illustrated Sketches of Travel.

Some very Queer Passengers; by the former Commander of a popular Transatlantic Liner, Capt. Chas. W. Kennedy.
A Voyage to Madeira. Sea Life on a War-ship and Adventures Ashore; by Admiral Kimberly.
A Woman's Journey in North Africa. The story of a ride from Tangier to Tetuan; by Mrs. Annie Martin.
Sitka and its Inhabitants. A capital article on Alaska and its people, from personal knowledge; by Capt. Edward Field.
A Pedestrian Trip in Modern Greece. Life with the peasants; by The Late Rev. H. B. Carpenter.
Yachting on the Edge of a Cyclone. The Adventures of some wandering Naturalists; by Prof. J. T. Rothrock.
In the Don Cossacks' Land; by The Countess Norraikow.
Life on a Russian Estate. Homely Details of Work and Play; by a Native of Russia, Mrs. B. MacGahan.

How to See Famous Cities.

Suggestions to Travellers in the direction of Economy of Time and Money.

London; by Charles Dickens. Rome; by Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani. Walter Besant.
Paris; by Louise Imogen Guiney. New York; by W. H. Rideing.

Three Sea Stories.

W. Clark Russell, the celebrated Sea Novelist, has written three stories in his best vein, which will be printed exclusively in the next volume:

The Haunted Cliff. A Yarn of Ramsgate Harbor. An Ocean Stampede.

Household Interests.

Simple Gymnastics for the Family; by a nobleman distinguished for his advocacy of physical education, The Earl of Meath.
The Kitchen of a Big Hotel. Its ingenious apparatus; novel methods of cooking, enormous larders, by Everett Blair.
How the Pope keeps House. A familiar description. By an Italian Journalist.
New Treatments of Common Ailments; by Dr. W. G. Eggleston.
Daily Dangers to Our Bodies. A Series of Articles, by the Chief Inspector of the N. Y. Board of Health, Dr. Cyrus Edson.
Unique Features of Modern Houses. A popular Series of clever devices for increasing comfort; by Charles Barnard.
New Pastimes for Winter Evenings, for home, church and school; by George B. Bartlett.

The Illustrations will be improved and increased in number. The Weekly Editorials on the leading Foreign and Domestic Topics will be marked by impartiality and clearness. Household Articles will be contributed by well-known writers. The Children's Page will be more attractive than ever. The Illustrated Weekly Supplements, adding nearly one-half to the size of the paper, will be continued.

"A Yard of Roses."

New Subscribers who send $1.75 now, will receive THE YOUTH'S COMPANION FREE to Jan. 1, 1893, and for a Full Year from that date. This offer includes the CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S Double Holiday Numbers, and all the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS. Any person who mentions this paper when subscribing will receive a copy of a beautiful painting, entitled "A YARD OF ROSES." Its production has cost TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. Specimen Copies will be sent Free on application. Address,

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BRICE'S TAXES.

Ohio's Desultory Citizen-at-Large Drops Into Lima for a Bluff and Gets His Foot in It, as Usual.

LIMA, O., Dec. 2.—(Special.)—Senator-elect Brice, of New York, dropped into town yesterday, as he always does when his residence is being discussed to any great extent, and as a result was served with papers in another suit for back taxes, which he refuses to pay. To-day the county treasurer, Edward Holmes, entered suit against him for unpaid taxes. Cal is willing to serve the people of Ohio as senator, but when it comes to paying taxes in the state of Ohio he is then a citizen of New York, and on account of such citizenship refuses to step up and settle.

The petition filed by the county treasurer reads as follows: "That defendant, Calvin S. Brice, stands lawfully charged upon the last tax-duplicate of Allen county, with taxes in the sum of $15,007.46; that said taxes have become delinquent; that the same amount, with penalties thereon, are now due and wholly unpaid. Therefore, plaintiff prays judgment against said defendant for said sum of $15,007.46, with penalties $17,257.46 and cost of suits.

A Building Falls.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 4.—The most horrible accident that ever occurred in St. Paul took place shortly after 1 o'clock to day. When the counter wall of the west section of the Shepard building, recently occupied by Farwell, Ozmun & Kirk, fell in, burying the workmen beneath the ruins. There were supposed to have been 15 men beneath the wall at the time it fell and the majority of them were killed or received injuries which will probably prove fatal.

All the patrol wagons in the city were at once summoned and Chief Clark, with Chief Jackson and Assistant Chief Martin, attempted to organize the laborers who were not under the wall and get them to work removing the dead and injured. The men were wild with excitement, however, and it was a long time before more than half a dozen could be induced to go to work. The others ran back and forth around the building, shouting to each other and uttering imprecations against the contractors or stood gazing blankly at the ruins.

The group finally went to work, and in less than half an hour had taken out ten men, five of whom were killed and five injured, one so severely that the physicians said he would not live until he reached the hospital.

The cause of the accident, as near as can be learned, was that the wall, which was much weakened by the fire, became top-heavy, from the large amount of debris removed from the bottom, and fell over of its own weight. The wall had appeared firm, and gave no sign of weakening up to the time of the fall, when it came down in a heap without a second's warning.

It was a sight never to be forgotten, as the dead and injured were taken out, some of them crushed to almost a pulp. One of them, supposed to have been a sub-foreman, was taken out in his fur coat, nothing but his feet and limbs being visible. His head and body appeared to be crushed out of all shape.

There were men with all their limbs broken, faces bruised and crushed out of all semblance of humanity. Others were not so badly mangled, but had evidently been instantly killed by the bricks falling on their heads.

Of those who were wounded and taken to the hospital two were able to sit up in the wagon on the way, and these are the only ones who will recover.

Ten men are now dead.

Four Million Men.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—The Hong Kong Chinese newspaper, *Sun Ye Bo*, of September 29, says: The revolutionists are numbered at 4,000,000 able to find men. It is said that no part of the Imperial army at present upon the field is capable of meeting this emergency.

KANSAS LIQUOR LAW.

Governor Humphrey Gives the Leavenworth Police Commissioners a Dressing Down on the Subject.

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., Dec. 4.—Leavenworth is excited over the publication of a letter which was received by the police commissioners some days ago from Governor Humphrey. In it the governor gives the commissioners positive instructions to enforce the prohibitory law here and goes on to say:

From the information which has been coming to me from various sources during the last few months, I am satisfied that there is a condition of things in your city with reference to this class of offenses which is wholly inexcusable. I am led to believe that "joints" where the illegal sale of liquor is carried on have multiplied during your administration until they have reached into the hundreds in point of numbers, extending, as I am to understand, even into the residence portion of your city. I am given to understand and believe that the violators of the prohibitory law in your city have become so bold and defiant that they have ceased even to make any pretense of concealment, and carry on their persistent evasions of the law openly and notoriously. In fact things have gone so far that it is disgusting to a large number of your good citizens, even those who do not believe in the principles of the prohibitory legislation of the state.

In the statement of the case the governor shows that he is correctly informed as to the situation here. There has been no attempt at enforcing the prohibitory law for months past. The joint keepers are fined monthly and allowed to run. An attempt at enforcement now will surely cause trouble, as public sentiment here is almost altogether against the law.

SHIP-LOAD OF FLOUR FOR RUSSIA.

A Cargo of the Staff of Life to be Sent Over in January.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 4.—The first attempt in the history of this country to afford relief to the famine stricken peasants of Russia has originated in Minneapolis. The scheme is to send a ship-load of flour to Russia by the middle of next January, and the 5,000 merchant millers of America are to be asked to help. The cargo will be 3,000 tons, or 6,000,000 pounds, or 30,000 to 50,000 barrels, worth $100,000 to $125,000. The Russian minister at Washington has been communicated with, and in his absence the Charge D'Affairs at New York wires that he has laid the matter before his country.

The idea at first was to make the gift out from Minnesota alone, but it was thought best to give it a national scope. Railroads are willing to give the transportation, and the deal will be closed as soon as the Russian minister hears from home. Minneapolis millers will give 25 car loads of the cargo.

WHITE ENAMELED EARTHENWARE.

An Enterprising Dubuque, Iowa, Firm Has Discovered the Great Secret.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Dec. 2.—A member of the firm of J. Olkenheimer & Co., earthenware importers, who went to Germany a year ago for that purpose, has discovered the secret process for white enameling pottery known only in that country and will locate an establishment here, the first in the United States. The goods bear a duty of 80 per cent, as they come into competition with the slate colored enameling made in the East.

Death of Bishop Wadhams.

WATERTOWN, N. Y. Dec. 5.—Right Rev. Edgar P. Wadhams, bishop of the diocese of Ogdensburg, died at the Episcopal residence in Ogdensburg about 8 o'clock this morning, aged 74 years. He had been ill for some time. When his death was announced the cathedral and city hall bells were tolled.

The Bellefonte Iron and Nail Co., of Bellefonte, Pa., has suspended. The liabilities aggregate $822,000.

President Diaz, of Mexico, is determined that his country shall be well represented at the World's Fair.

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WASHINGTON.

CRISP IS SPEAKER,

A Hot Fight Between the Georgian and Mills, of Texas—The Former Wins By a Scratch—How the Result Is Taken.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Mr. Crisp is speaker, after a contest in caucus which lasted from Saturday until last night. The Democratic caucus met on Saturday, but after a number of ineffectual ballots, adjourned until Monday at 10 o'clock. The balloting went on until the nineteenth was taken, when it adjourned until evening, when on the 35th ballot, Crisp was chosen, Springer casting the deciding vote.

The election of Mr. Crisp gives Clevelandism a black eye and is a signal triumph for the Hill-Gorman and anti-"stuffed prophet" factions of the Democratic party. Mr. Cleveland did not attempt to conceal his preference for the candidate from Texas, and not only pulled wires himself, but had some of his ex-cabinet officers on the scene working night and day to compass the election of Mr. Mills.

The result is pregnant with significance and evidences beyond peradventure the fact that Cleveland has lost his prestige,

SPEAKER CHAS. F. CRISP.

and in a great measure his influence as a party leader. It also relegates him to the rear as a Presidential candidate in 1892.

Much bitter feeling was displayed before the deciding ballot was taken; so much so, in fact, that its echo will be heard from now until the closing of the polls next November.

How It was Done.

Balloting was resumed in the afternoon and continued for some time without any significant change until Mr. Hatch virtually withdrew from the contest and cast his vote for Mr. Crisp. Two of his followers did the same, and this, with one or two other accessions, swelled his vote to 101, where it was when a recess was taken until 8 o'clock.

Upon reassembling it was apparent to everyone except Mr. Mills and his followers that Mr. Crisp's election was a question of a comparatively short time only. The Georgian continued to gain. At the beginning of the thirtieth ballot Mr. McMillin, of Tennessee, withdrew, and his supporters began to scatter.

Changes now came in rapid succession and at the conclusion of the ballot Mr. Crisp stood with 114 votes and Mr. Mills with 103. The Georgia candidate was one short of a nomination, with Mr. Springer and his little band of followers holding the balance of power. It remained to the Illinois leader to say who should be the speaker of the 52d Congress.

Great applause greeted Mr. Springer as he entered the hall. There was a breathless pause as he proceeded to his little group of supporters, and shaking hands all around thanked each for his loyal support. The house applauded this graceful little act, and when Mr. Springer asked recognition from the chair, and prepared to vote, the suspense was more than painful. "I desire," said Mr. Springer, "to be recorded as voting for Mr. Crisp."

The vote of Mr. Springer nominated Mr. Crisp, and the applause which greeted its announcement was deafening. A dozen members rushed simultaneously to grasp the Illinoisian's hands, and he was the recipient of an enthusiastic ovation from the supporters of Mr. Crisp.

Messrs. Busey and Stewart, of Illinois, and Holman, of Indiana, followed their candidate, and after Mr. Springer's withdrawal voted with him for Mr. Crisp. Messrs. Snow, of Illinois; Bryan, of Nebraska, and Martin and Patton, of Indiana, remained on the record as voting for Mr. Springer, so that the result of the final and decisive ballot was as follows: Crisp, 119; Mills, 103; Springer, 4, and Stevens 1. The vote in detail was as follows:

For Crisp.

Messrs. Alderson, Alexander, Allen, Amerman, Bacon, Bankhead, Beeman, Beltzhoover, Bentley, Blanchard, Blount, Branch, Bulkley, Bunn, Bynum, Caldwell, Calhoun, Campbell, Castle, Catchings, Clark (Ala.), Cobb (Ala.), Cockrell, Compton, Cowles, Crawford, Cummings, Daniel, Donovan, Dungan, Dunphy, Dunnarrow, Edmunds, Elliott, Ellis, English, Epes, Everett, Fellows, Fitch, Forney, Fowler, Gantz, Geissenhainer, Gillespie, Goodnight, Gorman, Grady, Greenleaf, Hallowell, Hatch, Haines, Hemphill, Henderson, W. C., Herbert, Holman, Houk, Hunt, (Ohio), Johnston, Jones, Kribbs, Lawson (Va.), Lawson (Ga.), Layton, Lester (Va.), Lester (Ga.), Lewis, Little, Livingston, Mallery, McAleer, McClellan, McDonald, McCann, McNeely, Montgomery, Moses, Ontes, Outhwaite, Owens, O'Ferrall, Page (R. I.), Page (Md.), Pattison, Paynter, Peel, Pendleton, Pierce, Price, Rayner, Reilly, Richardson, Robertson, Roswell, Rusk, Russell, Shively, Springer, Stackhouse, Stahlnecker, Stevens, Steward (Ill.), Stockdale, Stout, Stump, Tarsney, Tillman, Turner, Turpin, Van Horn, Warwick, Washington, Weadock, Wheeler (Ala.), Whiting, Williams (N. C.), Wilson (Mo.), Winn—110.

For Mills.

Messrs. Abbott, Andrew, Arnold, Babbitt, Bailey, Barwig, Bland, Boatner, Bowman, Brawley, Breckenridge (Ark.), Breckenridge (Ky.), Broas, Brookshire, Brookshire, Brown, Brunner, Bunting, Bushnell, Butler, Bynum, Cable, Caminetti, Caruth, Cate, Causey, Chapin, Chipman, Clancy, Cobb (Mo.), Coburn, Coolidge, Coombs, Cooper, Covert, Cox (N. Y.), Cox (Tenn.), Crain, Crosby, Culberson, Dearmond, Deforest, Dickerson, Dickson, Dockery, Enloe, Fithian, Forman, Geary, Hall, Hamilton, Hare, Harris, Harter, Hayes, Heard, Hoar, Hooker (Miss.), Johnson (Ohio), Kendall, Kilgore, Kyle, Lagan, Lane, Lanham, Lapham, Lockwood, Long, Lynch, Magner, Mansur, McCreary, McKinney, McMillin, Meyer, Miller, Mitchell, Moore, Mutchler, Newberry, Norton, O'Neill, (Mo.), Parrett, Patterson, Pearson, Sayers, Scott, Seely, Snodgrass, Sperry, Stewart (Tex.), Stone (Ky.), Terry, Tracey, Tucker, Turner, Wheeler (Mich.), White, Weike, Wilcox, Williams (Mass.), Williams (Ill.), Wilson (W. Va.), Wise and Wolverton—105.

Scattering.

For Springer—Messrs. Bryan, Martin, Patton and Shaw—4. For Stevens, of Massachusetts—Mr. O'Neil—1.

On motion of Mr. J. D. Brown, of Indiana, the nomination of Mr. Crisp was made unanimous.

Immediately there were loud calls of "Crisp, Crisp," and a committee was appointed to notify the successful candidate of his selection and escort him to the chair. Applause and cheers greeted the appearance of the gentleman from Georgia, and after bowing his acknowledgements Mr. Crisp made a graceful speech.

THE HOUSE CALLED TO ORDER.

An Adjournment Immediately Taken, to Meet at Noon To-Morrow.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The heavy rain storm which visited the city this morning, had little effect in dampening the ardor of persons desirous of witnessing the opening of the Fifty-second Congress, and at an early hour a great crowd surged through the corridors of the capitol. Especially was this true in the House wing, where there was no room to relieve the crowd owing to the fact that the galleries were kept closed in order to enable the Democrats to hold their caucus.

On the floor all was bustle and confusion. As the Republicans entered the hall of the House (where the Democratic caucus had been held) they were greeted by their Democratic colleagues, and congratulations and condolences were exchanged. The chamber presented a bright appearance, notwithstanding the gloominess of the day.

The furniture had been re-upholstered, and the blue covering of the desks contrasted pleasantly with the new terra cotta carpet. Many of the desks were ornamented with floral designs of more or less beauty, although they were not as numerous as in former years, and the speaker's desk was conspicuous by the absence of adornment. As the clocks of the city were chiming the hour of noon Clerk McPherson ascended to the clerk's desk and called the house to order. Not since the 44th Congress has any holdover clerk, in performing a similar duty, faced so many new workers in the legislative field.

The clerk immediately proceeded to call the roll. As Mr. Reed responded to his name, his Republican colleagues gave him a round of applause. There was a great deal of noise in the hall, and it was with difficulty that the clerk could record the responses. The candidates for the speakership wandered through the chamber and greeted their friends, while much amusement was caused by a merry conference held by Messrs. McMillin, Hatch and Springer in the area in front of the speaker's desk.

The clerk having announced the presence of 320 members, the House immediately, on motion of Mr. Holman, of Indiana, adjourned to meet at noon, to-morrow.

The absentees were Messrs. Wilson, of Kentucky, Ryan, of Missouri, Batine, of Nevada, Sanford, of New York, and Buchanan, of Virginia.

BRICE TOOK THE OATH.

Senator Sherman Made a Statement, But Did Not Object to Brice's Being Sworn In As Senator.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—(Special.)—Great interest was felt to-day to see what the course of Senator Sherman would be when the credentials of Calvin S. Brice, as Senator from Ohio, were offered. They were read along with lots of others, and no remark offered by Mr. Sherman until all preliminaries for administering the oath of office were completed.

There was considerable talk over the case of Senator Call, of Florida, and it was not until 12:30 that the presiding officer announced that the oath of office would be administered to those whose certificates had been presented in regular form, and without objection. All eyes were then on Senator Sherman. He rose, and addressing the presiding officer, said:

"Mr. President, before the oath of office is administered to Mr. Brice I desire simply to say that a large portion

CALVIN S. BRICE, OF NEW YORK.

of the citizens of Ohio mantain that he was not an inhabitant of that state, as required by the constitution, when elected as Senator from that state, and is not entitled to the seat.

"As there are several important precedents, however, in all of which the person coming with the proper certificate has been sworn in and the investigation had afterward, I shall make no objection to the oath of office being administered to Mr. Brice.

"I give this notice so that the absence of objection may not be considered a waiver of any rights in the matter in case the people or the legislature of Ohio desire to take any further steps in the matter."

Mr. Brice then came forward upon the arm of Senator Kenna, and was sworn in. Several senators clustered about him to congratulate him.

CONGRESS OPENED.

The Opening Scenes in Each House—Mr. Blaine Expected to Define His Position on the Presidential Question.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—(Special.)—The statement was made upon good authority to-day that a definite announcement of Mr. Blaine's intentions relative to the Presidential nomination would be made between this and Christmas. Just what shape this will take is not yet known, but there is reason to believe it will indicate that Mr. Blaine will not be a candidate, and will urge the renomination of President Harrison.

This statement comes from such authority that its authenticity can not be doubted. Some friends of the administration, however, think if such an announcement is to be made, it would be judicious to delay it, lest combinations develop in favor of somebody else. If Mr. Blaine gets out there is considerable time before the convention. On the other hand it is urged that an announcement by Mr. Blaine favoring the renomination of Mr. Harrison, would crystalize the party sentiment and make it practicable to begin active campaign work at once.

In the Senate.

Immediately after the reading of the journal, the oath of office was administered to Mr. Jones, of Arkansas, re-elected, and Mr. Hoar expressed the opinion (in which the Vice President concurred) that the first business was the question of administering the oath of office to Mr. Du Bois, of Idaho.

Mr. Cullom's motion of yesterday (to that effect) was put and agreed to, and the oath was accordingly administered to Mr. DuBois. Mr. Hoar's similar motion as to Mr. Call, of Florida, was also agreed to, and the oath was administered to Mr. Call. On further motion of Mr. Hoar the papers in the matter of the credentials of Mr. Davidson (claimant for Mr. Call's seat) were referred to the committee on privileges and elections, with the provision to investigate and report at an early day, and on motion of Mr. Hale, a like reference was made of the papers in the case of Mr. Claggett, claiming the seat of Mr. Du Bois.

The Senate then at 10:20 took a recess till 2 p. m.

The Democratic Senators, at a caucus held this morning, unanimously re-elected Senator Gorman chairman, and Senator Faulkner secretary of the caucus for the ensuing term of Congress. A committee was appointed to fill the vacancies on the minority representation upon the various committees, after which the caucus adjourned without considering any other matters whatever.

In the House.

Although there was an absence of the rush which characterized the entrance of the public to the House galleries, there was this morning no appreciable diminution in number of spectators; every available crook and cranny had its occupant and the bright dresses of the ladies formed a pleasing contrast to the bustle below. At the hour of noon, Clerk McPherson called the House to order and the journal of yesterday's proceedings was read.

The clerk then announced that he was ready to receive any motion. Mr. Holman, of Indiana, moved that the House proceed to the election of speaker. Agreed to. Mr. Holman placed in nomination Charles F. Crisp, of Georgia. Mr. Henderson, of Illinois, placed in nomination Thomas B. Reed. (Applause on the Republican side.) Mr. Simpson, of Kansas, placed in nomination Thomas O. Watson, of Georgia.

Messrs. Outhwaite, of Ohio, and Henderson, of Illinois; Oates, of Alabama, and Simpson, of Kansas, were appointed as tellers.

The roll was then called with the following result: For Crisp, 228; for Reed, 83; for Watson, 8 (Messrs. Baker, Clover, Davis, Halvorson, Kem, McKeighan, Otis and Simpson).

Messrs. Mills and Springer were heartily applauded when, in response to the call of their names, they recorded their votes for Crisp.

The clerk, having announced the result, declared Mr. Crisp duly elected speaker, amid a storm of applause. The clerk then appointed Messrs. Mills and Reed as a committee to escort the newly-elected speaker to the chair—an appointment that was received with applause not unmixed with laughter.

In a few minutes Mr. Crisp entered, with Mr. Mills and Mr. Reed supporting him on either arm, and his march down the aisle was a perfect ovation, the Democrats in mass rising and giving him cheer after cheer and the Republican members rising also.

When quiet had been restored Mr. Crisp said:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:—For the great honor you have conferred on me I return heartfelt thanks. I shall endeavor to discharge the duties of the office of speaker with courtesy, with firmness and with absolute impartiality [applause]. Let us unite in the hope that our labors here may result in the advancement of the prosperity, the honor and the glory of our beloved country [applause] I am now ready to take the oath of office."

The oath of office having been administered by Mr. Holman, of Indiana, Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the preceding House, upon request of Speaker Crisp, offered prayer.

The work of swearing in the members of the Fifty-second Congress then began, the oath of office being administered by Speaker Crisp. The roll of states was called in alphabetical order, and as many members sworn in at a time as could form in a half circle in front of the clerk's desk. The oath of office was read by the speaker to the members who stood with up-raised right hands and signified their acceptance of it by an affirmative inclination of the head.

The last member to be sworn in was Mr. O'Neill, of Missouri, who stood alone in the area.

Mr. Holman then offered a resolution for the appointment of Mr. Kerr for clerk, Mr. Yoder for sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Turner for doorkeeper and Mr. Dalton for postmaster.

Mr. Henderson, of Illinois, offered as a substitute a resolution for the appointment of the present officers, with the exception of chaplain, for which office Charles B. Ramsdell was named. Disagreed to without division.

Mr. Holman's resolution was agreed to, with an amendment offered by Mr. Springer, of Illinois, for the appointment of W. A. H. Milburn as chaplain.

The newly elected officers were sworn in.

CHARLES FREDERICK CRISP.

Something About the Man Who Will Preside Over the Lower House.

Chas. Frederick Crisp, of Americus, Ga., was born on the 29th day of January, 1845, in Sheffield, Eng., where his parents had gone on a visit; was brought by them to this country the year of his birth; received a common school education in Savannah and Macon, Ga.; entered the Confederate army in May, 1861; was a lieutenant in Company K, Tenth Virginia infantry, and served with that regiment until the 12th of May, 1864, when he became a prisoner of war; upon his release from Fort Delaware in June, 1865, he joined his parents at Ellaville, Schley county, Ga.; read law at Americus and was admitted to the bar there in 1866; began the practice of law in Ellaville, Ga., in 1872; was appointed solicitor general of the Southwestern Judicial circuit, and was reappointed in 1873 for a term of four years; located in Americus in 1873; in June, 1877, was appointed judge of the Superior court of the same circuit; in 1878 was elected by the General Assembly to the same office; in 1880 was re-elected judge for a term of four years; resigned that office in September, 1882, to accept the Democratic nomination for Congress; was permanent president of the Democratic convention which assembled in Atlanta in April, 1883, to nominate a candidate for governor; was elected to the 48th, 49th and 50th Congresses, and was re-elected to the 51st Congress as a Democrat.

MAJOR OVERMAN.

He Is Charged With the Misappropriation of Over a Million Dollars of Government Funds.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 8.—(Special.)—A great sensation was created here this morning by the announcement that Maj. L. Cooper Overman, who has been in charge of the government work in this district since 1882, and has recently been superseded by Lieut.-Col. J. A. Smith, has been ordered to Ft. McHenry under arrest, charged with serious irregularities.

Rumors have been current in select circles here for several days regarding him, and a few weeks ago some vessel owners sent a petition to Secretary Proctor asking his removal, but without making any definite charges.

It is now charged that discrepancies exist between the bills rendered for materials and the entries on his books, and the contractors have been requested to send Overman checks for services which had been paid for by the government. Misappropriations of government funds is also alleged.

Major Overman was very highly esteemed here socially, and was on intimate terms with many of the wealthiest and most influential people in the city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

CARNIVAL OF BLOOD.

Further Details of Outrages by the Merciless Horde That Attacked the Chinese Orphanage.

LONDON, Dec. 7.—Li Hung, Chang the viceory, has telegraphed the *Chronicle's* Shanghai correspondent confirming the news of the utter and crushing defeat of the rebels. It is feared here that this unexpected success will cause the government to overrate its power to suppress the rebellion entirely. The correspondent then gives further details of the recent massacre, which shows that it was a veaitrble carnival of blood. He says:

"The merciles horde attacked and set on fire several orphanages, and an awful holocaust was the result. Terrible scenes were enacted on the roads along which Christains fled from their assassins. Many who became exhausted dropped by the roadside and died. The course of their flight is marked by corpses half eaten by dogs."

Li Hung Chang has just said that martial law has been proclaimed throughout Manchuria.

Superiority of American Factories.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—The Royal Labor commission has decided it to be desirable that two women be appointed sub-commissioners, to be assigned to the duty of inquiring into the subject of women's labor. Factory Inspector Henderson testified that when he visited America he found factory buildings and arrangements there to be superior to what is furnished in England. The buildings were more comfortable and better ventilated and the arrangements such that there was less danger of accidents. He did not attribute the superior conditions in America to legislation, but rather to the high sense of dignity that he had found among American workmen—a feeling that had no counterpart among English workmen.

Our Pork Can Now Enter France.

PARIS, Dec. 5.—The *Journal Official* to-day publishes a decree authorizing the import of American pork into France. The ports of entry, however, are limited, and importations can be made only at Dunkirk, Havre, Bordeaux and Marseilles.

FOREIGN NOTES OF REAL INTEREST.

Austria has formally removed the prohibition on the importation of American pork.

Advices from the interior, received at Zanzibar, are to the effect that Emin Pasha has arrived at Wadelai.

Influenza is epidemic in Cornwall, the county forming the southwest extremity of England, and hundreds of the inhabitants are prostrated with disease.

The heavy gales that have appeared recently on the Atlantic and along the English channel, have caused numerous wrecks and other maritime disasters, which have entailed unusually heavy losses upon marine underwriters.

The police of Kieff, Russia, have closed 150 Jewish dramshops and distilleries and threaten to make further raids on Jews alleged to be trading under assumed names. Their dram shops are said to be centres of disorder and immorality.

The report of the Petitions committee of the French Senate insists upon absolving the government from any sort of responsibility for the disaster to the Panama canal shareholders by inducing Finance Minister Rouvier to make unofficial efforts to assist any possible rehabilitation of the scheme.

The Shanghai correspondent of the London *Times* confirms the report of the defeat of the rebels and says their reverse was so severe that they retired to the mountain fastnesses. The imperial troops have recaptured Chamyang. Their losses were slight.

The members of the French Superior court of war have had a conference with the commanders of the various army corps to consider the proposal to reduce the term of army service. They decided against applying the system of two years service in the French army.

DEATH OF DOM PEDRO.

The Aged Ex-Emperor Suddenly Becomes Worse and Passes Away at Midnight.

PARIS, Dec. 5.—Dom Pedro II, late emperor of Brazil, died at the Hotel Bedford five minutes after midnight. The fever had been increasing since 7 o'clock in the evening, when Dr. Charcet was summoned hastily and remained in attendance at the deathbed with the

EX-EMPEROR DOM PEDRO.

Princess Izabella and her husband, the Count D'Eu. The disease with which the ex-emperor was afflicted was diabetes.

It is said that the last conscious words of Dom Pedro was an expression of his deep affection for Brazil and his regret that he could not go back there to die. His death will probably put an end forever to the attempts to revive the Brazilian empire.

The accounts of the scenes at the deathbed of Dom Pedro show that to the very last his thoughts were of the country over which he had so long ruled, and whose welfare, despite the treatment accorded to him and his family, he had so closely at heart.

The ex-emperor was conscious to the end. At the last moment he exhorted the Countess d'Eu, his daughter, and formerly heir apparent to the Brazilian throne, and her husband, to bear up against sorrow and pray with him for the greatness and prosperity of Brazil.

The Countess d'Eu has no present intention to protest to the Brazilian government against her exile from the country, but she maintains all her rights in connection with the crown. She says she is ready to return to Brazil at the first summons sent her.

The remains of Dom Pedro will be interred in the family vault at Lisbon. Before the body was taken from Paris a solemn requiem high mass was celebrated in the church of the Madeline.

GENERAL NEWS.

A DYNAMITE BOMB.

Attempt to Kill Russell Sage by a Lunatic—A Demand for a Million Dollars Followed by the Explosion.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—At 12:15 o'clock this afternoon a poorly dressed man, carrying a brown satchel, entered the office of Russell Sage, at 71 and 73 Broadway, and demanded a private interview with Mr. Sage.

W. R. Laidlow, Mr. Sage's clerk, told him that Mr. Sage was busy, and could not be seen. The man persisted, and continued to talk in a loud tone. Mr. Sage, who was in an inner office, came out to see what was the matter. He asked the man what was wanted. The man said, "I demand a private interview with you."

Mr. Sage replied that it would be impossible for him to see the man then, but he might possibly do so later in the day. The man continued to demand a private interview then and there, and Mr. Sage ordered him to leave the office.

On this the man dropped the leather bag, and an explosion which shook the entire block instantly followed.

Mr. Sage's Statement.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—Mr. Sage, in conversation after the explosion, said he considered it a deliberate attempt to kill himself and destroy the building. The man with the hand bag was a total stranger to him. He insisted upon presenting Mr. Sage with his card, but he declined to accept it.

Mr. Sage was completely covered with grime and dust and his clothing was blown into tatters, and his hands, face and clothing were covered with blood. Mr. Sage's injuries mainly consist of a cut and bruise upon the forehead, while his face and hands were filled with small cuts as if he had received a volley of gravelstone from a shotgun.

Both fire and ambulance calls were at once sent out, and in a few minutes after the explosion the building was surrounded by fire engines, ambulances and policemen. The news spread through Wall street, and in fact, all over down town, and every street in the neighborhood was soon thronged with excited thousands of men.

Taking Out the Injured.

Fire engines and police reserve were on the spot almost at once and many of the injured were at once removed to a drug store opposite.

Capt. McLaughlin immediately took charge of the police arrangements, and the search for the injured began. The three rooms, No. 35, and two adjoining, were totally wrecked. All that remained unimpaired in the office of Mr. Sage was his desk and office chair. The windows on the Reed street side of the building were blown out and those on the other side of the building shattered.

The Dead.

B. F. HORTON, a friend of Sage, was so badly wounded that he died soon after reaching the hospital.

LORD, blown out of window and died in O'Connell's drug store, supposed to be the dynamiter.

UNKNOWN MAN, supposed to be Frank J. Menzies, clerk.

UNKNOWN WOMAN, supposed to be a typewriter.

UNKNOWN MAN, supposed to be confederate of the dynamiter.

S. C. CALHOUN, a telegraph operator, his head had been blown entirely off.

The Wounded.

W. R. LAIDLOW, Russell Sage's clerk, left leg badly gashed and face and hands bruised; will probably recover.

G. W. OSBORN, 52 years old, severe injuries about the face and body; condition dangerous.

FRANK ROBERTSON, 26 years old broker, cut and bruised about abdomen, face and hands, will probably die.

RUSSELL SAGE, contused wound over forehead, hands and face burned and lacerated, not dangerously injured.

JOHN J. SLOCUM, brother-in-law of Sage, and cashier in his office, severely cut about the head and face.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—The coroner made an examination of the mangled remains of the man found in Sage's office yesterday afternoon after the explosion, and from the mangled mass of flesh and clothing took a seven-chamber bulldog revolver. This was all that could be found by which an identification could be made. What was left by the explosion of the madman's body—at least it was so labeled and accepted by the police and coroner—was laid out in Undertaker Duff's office at 82 Greenwich street.

It was not much. The head was there, blackened, but neither cut nor disfigured in any way. It was cut off at the top of the neck, and looked for all the world like the mask of a man 35 or 40 years old, with a full beard, that might have been long, but was now burned close to chin and cheek.

Then there was a leg—the right—the left foot, one hand, and that was all. The body proper was gone; of neither chest nor abdomen was a trace found. The leg that was there was broken and twisted. Such shreds of clothing as were found showed the man had trousers of a black blue plaid, a black overcoat and long black stockings. He had been careful to rid himself of everything that might disclose his identity. His name had been written in the corner of his black hat, but he had cut it out with a knife. There was a hole in the lining where it had been. Crowds came and went, looking at the face, but no one knew it.

Identified by Mr. Sage.

Inspector Byrnes took the ghastly, gory head in a basket to Mr. Sage's house, and together with Dr. Munn carried it to Mr. Sage's bedroom on the second floor. The instant the magnate, who was lying in bed, saw the countenance he said: "That's the head of the man." The identification was complete. Inspector Byrnes sent the head to the morgue.

"There is something peculiar," said Inspector Byrnes, "in relation to the dead man's eyes. Dr. Munn, in order to keep as much as possible the horrible sight of the ragged, bloody neck of the head from Sage's sight, wrapped a piece of cloth about the ghastly part. This took the place of a collar and made the unpleasant interview with Mr. Sage less sickening.

"Now these eyes were just as perfect in appearance as if the man was actually alive and kicking. His head was covered with thick, bushy hair, dark brown, and looked as if the owner had been in the habit of combing it up in a pompadour.

"The head, strange to say, was not defaced in the least. It looks as if something had caught the man just below the chin and nipped his body off the head. The latter was laying on the threshold of the hall leading to Mr. Sage's private office, in which was a number of cases full of pigeon holes. When I got to the scene some men were scooping up the remains of the maniac's body in dust pans. It was a nauseating, repulsive sight. The head was then turned over to the coroner."

Who the Crank Was.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 5.—The dynamite crank is thought to be Hiram D. Wilson, aged 45, an escaped lunatic and native of Glenn Falls, Warren county. Wilson had escaped previously from Middleton and Utica asylums. He was very strong and of light complexion.

Several years ago he attempted to kill a man whom he had asked for money to set him up in business. On another occasion, when W. J. Arkell was in Albany, Wilson made a demand on him. When he refused his demand Wilson threatened to kill him, and even attempted to assault him in his office. He has also threatened the life of Goodwin Brown, one of the state lunacy commissioners. It was the loss of money which made him crazy. Wilson was arrested here about a year ago for threatening to kill some one.

SOMETHING ABOUT MR. SAGE.

How He Rose to be a Great Power in Wall Street.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—The name of Russell Sage is as inseparably connected with Wall street as that of Jay Gould, with whom he has long been associated in speculative operations and other financial transactions. Mr. Sage is known as the "Father of Puts and Calls." There was a time when his transactions in these "privileges" amounted to millions of dollars a year, but during the past two or three years they have been comparatively small. Mr. Sage has confined himself

RUSSELL SAGE.

mainly to loaning money. He is said to have more ready money than any other person in the street. He can meet a demand at any time for any sum from $1,000,000 to $10,000,000. His total fortune is about $50,000,000. No fortune in the world is more secure than Mr. Sage's, although it is largely invested in corporate securities. In the first place, he owns the securities outright. If he held them on margin or had been compelled to borrow money with which to purchase them, a heavy fall in the market might wipe out a good share of his possessions. As it is, if there is a decline in prices, he is in a position to wait for a recovery.

Mr. Sage was born in Oneida county August 4, 1816. He received a public school education and then engaged in mercantile pursuits at Troy. In 1841 he was elected alderman and was re-elected to this office until 1848, also serving for seven years as treasurer for Rensselaer county. He was then elected to Congress as a Whig and served, with re-election, from December 6, 1853, to March 3, 1857. Mr. Sage was the first to advocate on the floor of Congress the purchase of Mount Vernon by the government. Subsequently he located in New York, and engaged in the business of selling privileges in Wall street. At the same time he became interested in railroads and secured stock in Western lines, notably the Milwaukee & St. Paul, of which he was president and vice president for twelve years. By disposing of these investments as the smaller roads became absorbed by trunk lines, he became wealthy. In late years he has been closely associated with Gould in the management of the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific, the Missouri Pacific, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, and the St. Louis & San Francisco railroads, the American Cable company, the Western Union Telegraph company and the Manhattan consolidated system of railroads in New York city, in all of which corporations he is a director. Mr. Sage was for many years closely connected with the affairs of the Union Pacific road, of which he was a director. He has been a director of the Importers and Traders' National bank for the past 20 years, also a director in the Merchants' Trust company and the Fifth avenue bank.

CANNOT PASS A FREE SILVER BILL.

A Republican Senate and Presidential Veto Will Balk the Democrats.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—The New York *Press* said yesterday: "The *Press* is able to announce to-day, on the authority of a Republican state senator, that a bill providing for the free coinage of silver cannot pass the Fifty-second Congress over the veto of President Harrison. The *Press* has made a poll of Congress, and the result announced is based on replies in writing from 280 members of the Senate and House of Representatives. The result indicates that there has been no abatement of the free silver craze by the West and South.

"The new congress has in the House 230 Democrats, 87 Republicans and 8 Farmers' Alliance members. Of the 244 Democratic and Farmers' Alliance members, 162 are in favor of and will pass a free coinage bill of the Bland kind early in the session. The majority is so great that the President's veto will be no obstacle to any bill which the House really desires to make a law. The Senate is the bulwark of safety. It is Republican by a majority of nine, large enough to make certain the defeat of any bill vetoed by the President.

Summaries:

SENATE.	Rep.	Dem.	Total
For free coinage	18	36*	54
Against free coinage	30	3	33
HOUSE.			
For free coinage	9	162	171
Against free coinage	70	37	107
Doubtful	6	48	54
Majority in House			167
Two-thirds vote			222

*Brice not counted.

Mortgages Aggregating More Than a Million Dollars Paid in October.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 5.—Nebraska has great reason to congratulate herself over the very gratifying returns that are coming in from all over the state from the big crop of 1891, and will soon find herself a notch or two higher in public esteem than before the unfortunate dry spell of 1890. During October, in 85 counties, farm mortgages to the amount of $1,848,528 were released of record. These figures are from a compilation made by the state bureau of labor and industrial statistics. While this shows a very happy state of affairs it does not give the full amount paid, as many coupon notes were paid on mortgages not yet due, and many mortgages were held so far away that the releases did not arrive in time to be placed on record during the month.

DEATH OF JUDGE RUFUS P. RANNEY.

The Nestor of the Cleveland Bar Quietly Passes Away.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 7.—Rufus P. Ranney, one of the most eminent of Ohio's jurists, died yesterday afternoon at his home on Euclid avenue, after a prolonged illness.

Rufus P. Ranney was born in Massachusetts, October 31, 1813, and came to Ohio with his father in 1824. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1851, and a judge of the Supreme court from 1851 to 1856, when he resigned. In 1859 he was the Democratic nominee for governor. In 1862 he was again elected to the supreme bench and after two years resigned to attend to his large practice. He was president of the board of centennial managers of the Philadelphia exposition. Mr. Ranney was an ardent Democrat and he stood firm with the minority in that part of Ohio. He was three times a candidate for Congress, once in 1842 in the Ashtabula district and in 1846 and in 1848 in the Trumbull district.

WHISKY IN A WHALE'S STOMACH.

A Demijohn of Government Red-eye Found Where Jonah Once Held Sway.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 7.—A sperm whale 40 feet long got over the bar at Ocean City during the high tide several nights ago and was left high and dry on the beach by the receding water. All night long his struggles could be heard by the crew of the life saving station near by. They sounded like the heavy beating of the surf. After the leviathan was dead the residents in the neighborhood gathered and cut away the blubber. In cutting open the monster's stomach there were found a number of empty bottles and a five-gallon demijohn, corked and sealed, of excellent rye whisky. It is supposed that the whale followed in the wake of the United States steamer Despatch, which was wrecked more than a month ago, and swallowed the demijohn as it was floated out of the wreck.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The last week was one of growing ease in the money market, not only in New York, but in Europe as well. The bank of England is rapidly increasing its supply of gold, and is expected soon to reduce its rate of discount; the tone of the market in that metropolis is reported not only healthful, but cheerful. All these things combined to give the New York market an easy tone, corresponding with the augmented supply of funds—for money came in freely during the week from the interior. The supply of call money was abundant, and ranged during the week at between 2@6 per cent, closing on Saturday at 3 per cent. The supply of time money was large, closing at about 4@4½ per cent for six months on collateral of first-class dividend-paying stocks, and 4½@5 per cent, secured by fair mixed collateral.

STOCKS.—Although the money market was easy, as indicated above, the stock market refused to respond to the favorable influences. Why this should be so, it is hard to say. Probably the fact that the close of the year is not far off has much to do with it. Then is the time for making up accounts, taking stock, providing for payments of dividends, and for interest settlements, and for making a variety of annual liquidations, and hence it is not favorable for the initiation of a boom in prices, with activity in buying. It is not to be expected that there is going to be any great activity in stocks until the new year is entered upon. The influences bearing upon the situation are all distinctly favorable, and it is altogether likely that we shall see a decided advance in the entire list of first-class stocks, at least, soon after the opening of the new year. Between now and then, however, we may look for some irregularity in the market, due, of course, to the general clearing up, which comes at the close of every year.

SILVER.—There was a little flurry among those interested in silver during the earlier part of the week, due to the remarks of Mr. GOSCHEN, the English chancellor of the exchequer, on silver, in the details of the plan he submitted to the bankers and merchants of London, for an increase of the British bank reserves. The nature of his remarks as to silver seems to have been overstated, or at least so obscurely given as to lead to a misapprehension as to the scope of what he said. What he does really say is that the project to issue 10-shilling notes against silver is abandoned; that England will favor an international conference on the silver question, without binding herself, however, to adopt any course of action which might there be agreed upon; that if a new international ratio of silver to gold were agreed upon (that is, the ratio be raised to something like the real market ratio), the Bank of England would be invited to exercise the provisions of its charter which permits it to keep one-fifth of its specie reserve in silver. With an international coinage ratio, this, of course, could be done without any danger.

The first exaggerated and misleading reports caused a sudden revival of speculative interest in New York, and activity in silver bullion certificates, which quickly subsided as soon as the real import of the chancellor's words became known. Then came the news that the negotiation of the Spanish loan at Paris had been successfully renewed, there were purchases of silver made for Spanish account, and India exchange was firm in London. The price of silver bars opened on Monday of last week in New York at 94¾ cents per ounce, on Thursday rose to 97¾, and closed on Saturday at 94¾ cents, at which rate the amount of pure silver in the standard dollar is worth 73½ cents.

DUN'S WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

A General Improvement as the Holiday Season Draws Near.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says: The only change observable in the condition of business is a gradual improvement. Many branches of trade are a little more lively and in some improvement quite satisfactory. The one sign of unfavorable character is that collections at some points are slower and harder than usually, particularly where the low price of cotton leads holders to defer selling at present prices.

The speculative markets have tended downward on the whole, although wheat is unchanged in price, with sales of 28,000,000 bushels during the past week, and the receipts continue at the rate of over 7,000,000 bushels for the week, with exports unabated and at the rate of nearly 3,000,000 bushels for the week from Atlantic ports alone.

The business failures throughout the country during the past seven days number 330, as compared with a total of 297 last week. For the corresponding time last year, the figures were 312.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1891.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Dec. 8.	Dec 1
U. S. 4's, coupons	117½	116¼
U. S. 4's registered	116½	117¼
U. S. 2's	100	100½
Pac. of '95	108½	108

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, decrease	$1,058,725
Loans, increase	5,464,800
Specie, increase	1,258,600